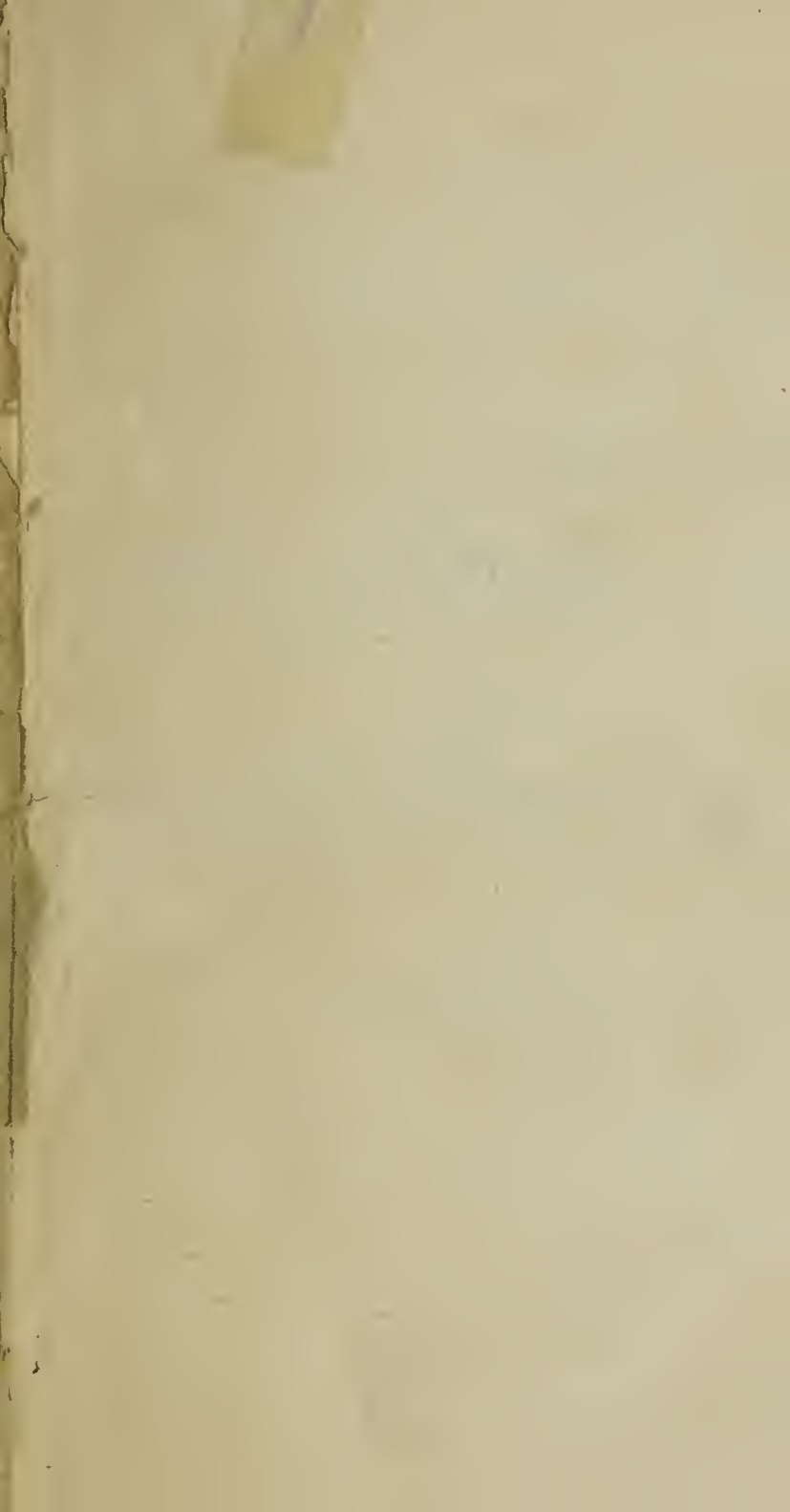




ROBERT EMMET.

—o—
“But alas! for his country—her pride is gone by,
And that spirit is broken which never could bend;
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.
Unprized are her sons 'till they've learned to betray—
Undistinguished they live, if they shame not their sires;
And the torch that would light them through dignity's way,
Must be caught from the pile where their country expires.”



This life was first

published in

The Seneca Rebellion ~~1798~~
1798

Completed by J. McForman

Dr. Allen

1844

(

THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

THE
LIFE AND ACTIONS
OF
ROBERT EMMET,
LEADER OF THE INSURRECTION OF 1803;
INCLUDING
HIS TRIAL,
AND THE
CELEBRATED SPEECH
DELIVERED BY HIM UPON THAT OCCASION.

—o—
STEREOTYPED EDITION.
—o—

DUBLIN:
PRINTED BY C. M. WARREN,
21, UPPER ORMOND QUAY.

UNIVERSITY OF
ILLINOIS LIBRARY
AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

B
E 54
1844

THE

LIFE AND ACTIONS

OF

ROBERT EMMET.

THERE are few persons whose name is so hailed by the young and ardent, and whose character has produced a greater effect upon society, than that of **ROBERT EMMET**.

Emmet was moulded in nature's happiest combination for his destined service. He possessed the physical qualities necessary to an accomplished speaker, with high intellect to master and employ knowledge; with imaginations and feelings to sway the passions and the heart; and with the power of incessant labour to collect, discipline, and perfect the varied materials of a revolutionary undertaking. When love of country is united with great virtues, and both are embellished by learning, taste, and talents, we then see man in his proudest form; we overlook or forget all that is weak, frail, and mortal in human nature, and look up to him as a being of superior order. Such was Emmet.

His amiable and esteemed character gave an elevating influence to the fame of the society of which he was the leader—many of whom, though of equal talent and respectability, were inferior in that fine sensibility of heart, and constancy in friendship, which gained him the love and esteem of all who knew him. Nor was it only for his bland manners, and fine sensibilities of heart, and constancy in friendship, and firmness in principle: he ranked among the highest of its gifted sons who display its fertile genius and its social spirit; who introduce the name of Ireland to the respect of the world.

Commensurate with his value to relatives and friends, and to this, his native city, was the appalling sensation that pervaded his country on the occasion of his lamented death. It is not surprising that his removal in one unexpected moment from this busy life's vocations to the oblivious silence of the tomb, should produce, as it did, a general burst of sorrow, and a common sense of bereavement.

Forty summers have closed around the United Irishmen, since they made catholic emancipation and parliamentary reform the leading measures of their policy. They found all the Catholics of Ireland, the great majority of its population, reduced, by the operation of the ferocious penal laws, to the condition of slaves in all things but being vendible, to the very meanest of their Protestant countrymen. Not only did the British government embrace every

severity that could waste the vigour of the nation, but all the rights of humanity, and every duty of life, were sacrificed by its direction or connivance, so this would promote the self-interest or gratify the rancour of the favoured party.

There was a law of discovery, by which a man who betrayed the confidence of his friend, if he was a Catholic, possessed himself of that friend's estate. There was a law which disabled the Catholic father to be guardian to his own child, or to educate him. There was a law which made the disobedience and apostasy of the Catholic child, the means whereby to disinherit his father. There was a law for robbing a Catholic of his horse on the highway, if, when interrogated, he confessed his faith. There was a law to prevent the education of Catholic children, and to punish Catholic teachers as convicts; to banish the Catholic clergy, and to hang them if they returned; to prevent Catholics from purchasing or inheriting landed estates; from having arms for their defence; to debar them from the profession of the law; to prevent them from holding any office of trust, honour or emolument, voting at elections, or sitting in parliament.

The United Irishmen found their country under government of those laws, and perhaps a hundred more, all conceived in the same spirit, and all elaborated with consummate skill to rob, harass, and insult a defenceless people. Those statutes, without parallel for their inhu-

manity were framed against Christians, under pretence of securing the Protestant religion. They were enacted by Irish Protestants, political Protestants, than whom no sect has cried more loudly against persecution, when Protestants were the martyrs. For all this, the Protestant religion is not persecuting in its nature. When true to its origin, it is necessarily tolerant, and acts against its proper spirit whenever it coerces conscience, or compels uniformity of worship, through means of disabilities, or subscription to its articles of faith, by force of the secular arm. What, indeed, would be more inconsistent than to profess the right of every man to judge scripture for himself, and then to punish him for having done so? The crimes of the dominant party are not justly chargeable upon the Protestant religion, though committed in its name. They were bitterly deplored by United Irishmen of all religions and by none more than the subject of this memoir; himself a member of the established church, but no abettor of its injustice.

Through all this long persecution, the conduct of England wore a visor of hypocrisy. It was not the conversion of the Irish it desired, but their spoliation, division, and subjection. If united in religion, they might unite for their worldly interest, and a means of weakening them by dissension would be lost. The English mission never had the merit of even being honestly fanatical; it was cold-blooded and crafty. Its conduct was not feebly palliated by the mis-

taken sincerity of blind zeal, which time might soften, and philosophy assuage. It had the more terrestrial motive of insatiable rapacity, the appetite for plunder, and the desire of fattening on the green pastures of Ireland. This is the eating canker, which neither time or reason ever cures, and which is now as devouring as from the beginning.

After the laws had disfranchised four-fifths of the population, all the emoluments of office, all the wealth of the richest church in the world, all the distinction of power, all the pomp, circumstance, and advantages of dominion, fell into the lap of the favoured few. These men never wished to lessen the pretext of their gains; they never sought the conversion of their zealots by any means that ever made proselytes to any cause.

The domestic spoliation of the Catholics was the share of the Irish Protestants in this wholesale robbery. The spoliation of the Irish nation was the part of England in this boundless plunder. She took the whole trade, prosperity, and independence of Ireland, which the Irish Protestants freely surrendered for the license to pillage and tyrannize at home. These wrongs inflicted and endured, begat mutual hatred and frequent collision, and will account for the little union among Irishmen, and the ferocity of character to be found in those districts where the adverse parties came oftenest into contact.

The barter of a nation's rights for the lucre

of faction is what was called the Protestant Ascendancy in Church and State. It was also called the British Constitution. Against that impious combination of treachery within, and tyranny from without, the United Irishmen joined their oath of *union*—"To forward a brotherhood of affection, a community of rights, an identity of interests, and a union of power among Irishmen of every religious persuasion." It was this oath that was prosecuted as a felony of death, and for which it sent frequent victims to the scaffold.

Emmet did not live to behold the triumph of the Catholic cause, that happy accomplishment of one of the great measures to which he devoted fortune and life. It was in 1829 that various circumstances, domestic and foreign, among which, the threatening aspect on the Catholics, their perfect union, improved knowledge, and the publicity given to their cause throughout the civilized world, with the strong sympathy of Europe in their behalf, induced the Irish government to compel the church party in Ireland to relinquish its ascendancy over them, rather than risk the loss of its own dominion over the Irish nation.

But the subjection of conscience to those cruel inflictions was itself only incidental to a greater evil, and this one the United Irishmen aimed above all things to remove; it was the root of every other calamity, and until corrected, no good could be permanent, no security could be

lasting; improvement was hardly possible.— This master grievance was partly the want, partly the perversion of a national representation. In the parliament of a people adequately represented, its interests are prosecuted with its consent and confidence. A knowledge of all the ameliorations in government, in the science of politics, in commerce, arts, trades, and manufactures, in every thing that affects a nation's welfare, is concentrated there with the power of applying it to the public good. The discordant cry, and the tumultuous impulse, are there harmonized into peace and order; and commotion and rebellion are unknown, where votes are competent to decide, instead of swords. It was this fruitful blessing which the United Irishmen sought first of all to obtain for their country.

Down to the period of 1782, English acts of parliament were suffered to bind Ireland. Misgovernment and poverty, the neglect of agriculture, the prohibition of commerce, the abandonment of manufactures, were, during that period, the portion of Ireland. But, towards the end of the American war, the Volunteers emancipated their country from this bondage, and gave it the means of being independent. The example of America was before both parties with all its omens; hence the demands of the Volunteers were prudentially conceded, and the glorious revolution of 1782 was accomplished without the loss of a drop of blood. The happy consequence was, the immediate libera-

tion of the commerce of Ireland from English restrictions. Her ensuing prosperity seemed miraculous—so prompt, so general, so enriching; and her aptitude to prosper by a free trade became known, at the same time, to her rival and herself.

But the Volunteers could not be always in arms, and Ireland had no representative assembly to foster her prosperity during peace. Here was, alas! a borough parliament, composed solely of the dominant faction, representing but a small number of the inhabitants, and not feeling as the nation, nor as the majority.

Every one soon perceived that all measures of relief would be insecure, nay, illusory, unless preceded or accompanied by a reform in this parliament. The Volunteers saw it, and endeavoured to reform; but they excluded the Catholics from parliament, and did not see (unhappy effects of the ignorance of the times!) that this alone would defeat their plan, that they could not erect an edifice of freedom on a foundation of monopoly. Warned by these errors, the United Irishmen altered the system of reform fundamentally. They extended their base, and established their plan upon three simple principles, necessarily dependent on each other, and containing the disease, the remedy, and the mode of its attainments. The excess of English influence was the disease,—a reform in parliament the remedy,—and the inclusion of the Catholics the mode of its attainment.

Theobald Wolf Tone had, of all others, the greatest part in effecting this change of sentiment among the Protestants, to whose communion he belonged. He wrote the original declaration for the Society of United Irishmen of Belfast; and his powerful writings brought the Presbyterians of the North very generally into the system.

Emmet often heard him, in strains of pure and forceful eloquence, expand, inculcate, and apply, for the benefit of his beloved country, the political principles of the United Irishmen.

Wherever men had no means of legitimate redress, we have seen them become their own avengers, the worst government being always marked by the greatest commotions. If there be not an impartial administration of justice, the stiletto takes place of the jury; and, for want of a government restricted and accountable in Ireland, insurrection and civil war were the resource of an exasperated people. Left without the protection of a national parliament, Ireland was always tyrannically ruled, the frame of society dislocated and broken, and her numerous insurrections were the throes of agonized nature.

But from the moment the Protestant reformers recognised the principle that no reform was practicable, efficacious, or just, which should not equally include Irishmen of every religious persuasion, the measure was feasible. It received the assent of the whole nation save only

the established church and the other dependents of the British government. Its principles recommended itself to the common sense of mankind, and the authority of America proclaimed its benefits. In a short time, its way was so far proclaimed by public opinion, that even its interested opponents anticipated its final success. They determined, therefore, upon the desperate expedient of leaving no parliament in Ireland for reform to better. They hastened to buy from the borough-holders that which a truly-Irish parliament would not sell—its own existence, and the nation's independence. They hoped to extinguish, in the abolition of the parliament, every chance and effort of peaceable and constitutional improvement. They conspired to transport it for life, mutilated and captive, into the British house; to imprison beyond sea, in the abyss of English supremacy, where its languishing, nerveless remains, doomed to live in a perpetual minority, could never bring more to its ill-fated country the blessings of liberty, good government, or commerce.

By the measure of a legislative Union, Ireland reverts again to the same wretched state as when bound by acts of the English parliament. On the misery of that state, the ablest men who ever advocated her cause, even other than United Irishmen, have exhausted eloquence and invective, and the brightest page in her history is the one which records the extorted renun-

ciation of that usurped power and plenary right of self government. The pitiful representation of Ireland, in a foreign land, can but little avail her for her own benefit. She is there in a minority of one to six. The six give the law to the one, and with that one they have nothing in common. They have other constituents, who are a different people, who have clashing interests, who have national antipathies, and who may well feel contempt for the substitutes of that parliament that traitorously sold its country. Such are the legislators who have bound Ireland in fetters.

The consequences are the same as heretofore ; discontent and remonstrance, and a proclamation to all Europe, showing how easy it would be to dismember the United Kingdom. No loyalty will reconcile rational beings to preserve an evil which they can exchange for a good ; so that they who make Ireland poor and enslaved, set before her, above all other men, the advantages of separation. What can create a desire for this remedy but ill-treatment ? and as long as this treatment lasts, how shall that desire discontinue ? They stand in the relation of cause and effect, and will forever go on, or cease together.

It was the opinion of Emmet, that the legislative Union was a measure more suited to facilitate the despotism of the ministry, than to strengthen the dominion of England. Since the abuse of power has ever followed excess, no less in nations than individuals, a restraint up-

on human actions is salutary for all parties and the impediment that shall stop the career of ministerial tyranny, will be found to work best for the stability of the connexion. If this operate to the good of Ireland, she will observe it for its utility, an Irish parliament being then its best preservative. If, on the contrary, it be made, as at present, to sacrifice the many to the few, it will be viewed as a curse by the Irish people, who have in all cases most power, and, in this, will have least reason to sustain it.

At present, we see those persons, who deny a parliament to Ireland, on which to rest her peace and happiness, self-poised and self-protected; we see them sedulous to change the state of the question, and to misrepresent the repeal of the legislative Union as schism in the government. They would limit us entirely to England for benefits—whence, then, have come our wrongs? An Irish parliament, on the contrary, would be a bond of liberal connexion; it would settle every question of domestic policy at home, prevent strife and re-creation between both countries, secure to the affairs of Ireland a degree of attention, which, however necessary, they do not, and cannot, obtain among the weighty concerns of a different people, in a foreign legislature. It would remove the old opprobrious evil of legislation without representation; for, wherever this is partial and foreign, it is inadequate—as relates to Ireland, it is worthless mockery. Why was a borough constituency vicious, but

because it sent men to make laws for the people, who did not represent the people ; who were returned by a different body, and intent only upon serving themselves and their employers.

In the same way, the parliament is vicious, which makes laws to rule Ireland, by men **not** chosen by Ireland—who do not represent her people, who do not know her wants or wishes, and who must be often biassed by an adverse interest.

The attributes of genius are not rare among the countrymen of Emmet, and time is constantly developing the resources of mind. The labours of intellect press onward for distinction, while names of high endowment are forced back to make room for new reputations. They alone will be remembered, who have acted with an impulsive power on the destinies of their country and kind. Among those who first taught how to overthrow the misrule of Ireland, who exposed its cause, and prepared its cure, Emmet is distinguished. He had great influence on the adoption of those measures which are still at issue between Ireland and her foes, and which, in part obtained, in part withheld, are determinative of her happiness, as they shall finally fail, or be signally successful. He espoused the unqualified emancipation of the Catholics, when that measure had few supporters out of their own body. He brought to that cause virtue and talents, and he and a few more influential members

of the Protestant church redeemed the error of their predecessors. It is due to their memory to record, that their vigorous interference broke the religious bonds which the Protestants of a former period had bound. They were accessible among the first in Ireland to the liberality of the age. The adversaries of Ireland's freedom laboured to calumniate her best friends, and to hold up the United Irishmen, especially as wanton rebels. We hold them up in their deeds as benefactors to their country, so far as being opposed to religious persecution, and the tyrannical power of an ascending party.

ROBERT EMMET was born in Dublin, in the year 1782. He was younger brother of THOMAS ADDIS EMMET, who had, previously to the rebellion of 1798, abandoned a respectable situation at the Irish Bar, in order to project and carry into execution the schemes of that day—an Irish Republic, and separation from Great Britain. His father had filled, during a considerable period, the situation of state physician in Dublin.

Early instruction has often produced a lasting impression upon youth. This was the benefit which Emmet derived, at an early age, from the Rev. Mr. Lewis, his private tutor, who, though a minister of the Protestant Church, was yet an enemy to its monopolizing power, over his Catholic brethren.

At the age of sixteen, he entered Trinity College. Here, his progress in classical and mathematical knowledge soon gained him ho-

power and reputation. But his heated spirit had been wrought up by the political enthusiasm in which he had been early initiated. At the Historical Society, of which he was a member, he expressed his sentiments so freely on English influence in Ireland, that he came under the suspicions of Lord Chancellor Clare, who ultimately expelled him from College, for denouncing, in a speech he made, the English form of government, and advocating that of a Republican.

He had been sufficiently unguarded in his conduct, while the disturbances of '98 existed, to become an object of the vigilance of government, and had found it prudent to reside abroad so long as the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended. He fled to the Continent, where an active correspondence was set on foot with the French government. Emmet, with the Chiefs of the preceding Irish Rebellion, were summoned to Paris. Consultations were held with them, and the organization of another Revolution was commenced, and prosecuted with unceasing diligence. Nor was the then ruler of France (Buonaparte) inattentive or remiss to forward, by every means in his power, the project. To Emmet was delegated the office of director and principal mover of this new attempt upon the British dominion in Ireland.

On the expiration of the Habeas Corpus Act, he returned to Dublin, but thought it prudent for the forwarding of the Revolution, to live privately. He took obscure lodgings at Harold's-

Cross, under the assumed name of Hewit.— Here he held his meetings with his associates. These people hailed with transport the opportunity of re-commencing another attempt on subverting British power in Ireland; and while some spread themselves over the country, in every direction, others fixed themselves in the metropolis.

During the first four months after Emmet's arrival, nothing of his machinations transpired. Soon after the King's proclamation, on the 8th of March, conceiving the moment of national alarm at the renovation of hostilities, and a threatened invasion, favourable to his projects, he became more active in his preparations. The whole of his family portion, which consisted of two thousand five hundred pounds, he devoted to his enthusiasm. In the beginning of April, he quitted his lodgings at Harold's Cross with the name of Hewit, and in the new name of Ellis he took the lease of a house, for which he paid a fine of sixty-one guineas, in Butterfield-lane, near Rathfarnham. Here he harangued his associates, and encouraged them, by hopes of a happy result, to their labours.*

* "Liberty," said EMMET, "is the child of oppression, and the birth of the offspring is the death of the parent; while tyranny, like the poetical desert bird, is consumed in flames ignited by itself, and its whole existence is spent in providing the means of self-destruction. We have a complete exemplification of this in the past history and present state of Ireland, where increase of numbers and

In the course of the intermediate months, the different depots in Dublin, which he hired, were, at his sole expense, furnished with military pikes and handles, ammunition and clothing. In one of these depots, gunpowder was manufactured; in the others, timber was provided for constructing pikes, and those already made, and his other arms and stores, were there deposited. Here, it must be observed, of the numerous persons connected with those depots, that neither the certainty of an ample reward, nor the wavering instability common to men engaged in danger and dangerous designs, could draw the discovery from the impenetrable recesses of their fidelity!—an evident proof that the heart of the people were with the project; or, perhaps, it was that the departments of the police of Dublin were all filled by men, who had been deeply engaged in the severities of the preceding rebellion, and who being, on that account, stigmatized and detested by the people, even those who were secretly inclined to give information, were not

Increase of intelligence have been the direct result of that system which too long has ruled this kingdom.

“Our grievances cannot possibly endure, under any circumstances, much longer; for Nature revolts against tyranny and injustice; and the means taken to perpetuate these have always ended in their complete discomfiture—in this sense we must look for an explanation of the apparent paradox, that national misfortunes are ultimately productive of national benefits.

willing to unbosom themselves to men whom they regarded with so much horror.

Government had, by the month of June, discovered sufficient to quicken its diligence, and the officers of the police appeared thenceforward more alert and vigilant; notwithstanding which, it was difficult to bring them to believe that the project of Insurrection was on foot. This state of delusion continued until the fourteenth of July, the anniversary of the French Revolution, which opened the eyes of many, and excited a considerable degree of alarm. Bonfires were publicly made in commemoration of that event, and collections of people, apparently strenuous and decided, formed and partook in the festivity. On the sixteenth, the depot of powder in Patrick-street blew up in which there were two men nearly suffocated; one of whom, in throwing up the window, cut the artery of his arm, and bled to death; the other was taken prisoner. Emmet was so alarmed at the discoveries which this explosion would lead to, that he quitted the

“The relentless oppression of the English Government forced the people into habits of temperance—necessity made them abstemious—and time reconciled them to their wholesome esculent, which providentially came, like the manna in the desert, to feed the sojourners in the land of their fathers.

“The chain which binds us, is stretched to the utmost limit, and wants but another effort, either of the oppressor or the oppressed, to burst asunder, and give liberty to Ireland

house in Butterfield-lane, and took up his permanent residence at the depot in Mass-lane. He there had a mattress to sleep on, that he might be present night and day to direct and animate the workmen.

The interval of the seven days ensuing after the explosion was employed by Emmet and his associates, either in deliberating on the propriety of immediately flying to arms, or in concerting the most practicable mode of commencing their operations. It was ultimately agreed upon to seize the several depots and arsenals in the vicinity of Dublin; and, above all, it was universally determined to gain possession of the Castle, as, in that case it was supposed they could more decidedly influence the public mind,

“Misery is only endured where it cannot be obviated. The patient Sampson, who, in his deprivation of strength, turned the mill for his oppressors, buried them in the ruins of their temple, when his powers were restored; and though Ireland, in her weakness, endured the badges of slavery, that is no reason she is calmly to submit, when enabled to cast them off. The aspirations of civilized man after freedom are coeval with his existence. His rights, like the mountain torrents, may be diverted from their original channel, but cannot be effectually impeded in their course. Dams may be raised to stop the coming stream; but, if the congregated waters cannot find another way to the place of their destination, they will burst through every opposition, and overwhelm in destruction all the works of lordly and presumptuous man.

“To reason upon the political state of this country has long been the propensity of the Irish peasant; and, from continually thinking upon that subject, he has at length

by having the seat of government in their power.

As the day of attack approached, the greater part of Emmet's adherents, contemplating their danger, wished to defer the attempt. Emmet, however, was peremptory in the opposite way of thinking. He represented with an impetuosity not to be resisted, that the militia were about to be embodied; that the country would be placed every day in a more unassailable posture, and, by its multiplied measures of defence, become impregnable. After this conference, many of his partisans slunk away, and declined all further participation in the affair; others, however, and those the majority, resolutely determined to follow the fortunes of their beloved leader, and declared that they would not desert him, although they advanced with the certainty of utter destruction to themselves and

learned to think right. He not only knows his degraded condition, but is well acquainted with the cause. There is not a subject connected with the country, on which he cannot give an accurate opinion; he knows, as well as any man in the Castle, the purpose of every measure of government, whether it be to enrich a spendthrift nobleman by a *job*, or coerce the unfortunate peasantry by an Insurrection Act."

During these harangues, Emmet's fine manly countenance glowed with an enthusiastic ardour, and he delivered himself with as much animated fervour as if he were addressing a numerous but distracted assembly, which he wished to persuade. His words flowed with graceful fluency, and he combined his arguments with all the ease of a man accustomed to abstract discussions.

to their cause. The die was cast, and all further reflection was repelled by the ardour and firmness of resolution.

Fortune, on this occasion not to be accused of fickleness, seems never, from his first embarking on this desperate adventure, to have been, for a single moment, auspicious to the devoted EMMET. His negociation with DWYER had failed, and a plan, even more specious, and on which he now grounded the most sanguine hopes of success, proved equally fallacious. A part of the plan of general attack determined upon, was to force the batteries and stores at the mouth of the harbour of Dublin, by the assistance of those working people from the counties of Wicklow and Wexford, who in the months of June and July, repaired, in considerable numbers, for the purpose of hay-making, to the neighbourhood of Dublin. The minds of this class of men appeared by no means more softened, nor their passions less alive to every motive of discontent, whether real or imaginary than they were at the period of the rebellion in 1798, which they had principally supported; and the daring conduct of which had prepared and habituated them for similar encounters; their enmities were fierce and vehement; their courage and resolution undoubted; it was therefore natural that they should be selected as most useful and valuable auxiliaries. For some time they had manifested the most cordial concurrence; but on the 22nd of July, the day before that appointed for action, they, for

some cause unknown, formally declared ~~the~~ abandonment of the design. They did not, however, accompany their refusal with any discovery of the plot.

For some days prior to the 23rd of July, Emmet remained entirely in his depot, reposing at night upon a mattress thrown upon the ground amid the implements of death which he had there collected.

His magazine was by no means despicable. It comprised the following warlike implements:—45lbs of cannon powder, in bundles—eleven boxes of fine powder—one hundred bottles filled with powder, enveloped with musket balls, and covered with canvass—two hundred and forty six hand grenades, formed of ink bottles filled with powder, and encircled with buck shot—sixty two thousand rounds of musket ball cartridge—three bushels of musket balls—a quantity of tow mixed with tar and gunpowder, and other combustible matter, for throwing against wood work, which when ignited would cause an instantaneous conflagration, sky-rockets and other signals, &c.—and false beams filled with combustibles; with not less than twenty thousand pikes.

This super-abundance of ammunition is an evident proof of Emmet having promises of large supplies of men. In which promises he was fatally disappointed, for instead of having a force of thousands at his command, he could only muster a few hundred on the evening of engagement.

On the morning of the appointed day for this momentous enterprise the Kildare men were seen directing their hurried steps towards the capital. They had collected about the depot in Marshalsea-lane and Thomas-street in unusual crowds, when about five o'clock they were persuaded by their officers to return home. This with the defection of the Wicklow and Wexford labourers, would have deterred a less ardent spirit than that of Emmet's from proceeding. His, though damped, never quailed under the danger that this disappointment was likely to bring on him and his followers.

Towards dusk he directed the distribution of pikes among the waiting crowds in Thomas-street; and when all was in readiness, gave the concerted signal by the discharge of a small piece of ordnance, and letting off a sky-rocket that could be observed by the whole city. Mr. Emmet at the head of a chosen band, sallied forth from the obscurity of his head quarters. He proceeded at their head as far as Corn Market, but with numbers diminishing at every step. Their progress had been retarded by every excess that could be exercised by an exasperated and armed mob. Regularity and discipline were forgotten in the cry for revenge. Emmet was indefatigable in quelling disorders; his utmost powers of address were exerted in vain; the unruly crowd ran at every new object of their unsatiable rage. The attention of the mere was diverted by the arrival of an equipage: a moment's enquiry

satisfied the mob it was that of the lord chief justice of Ireland. A halt was instantly called ; disorder and tumult prevailed ; the heads of the advancing party immediately returned upon their steps, and the massacre of the venerable Lord Kilwarden was called for and committed by some cold-blooded ruffians amongst them !*

* It is universally agreed that the murder of this excellent man was the unpremeditated act of a ferocious rabble ; but there are various accounts of their probable motives in wantonly sacrificing so upright and humane a judge to their fury. A popular explanation of this is, that the perpetrators mistook him for another person. There is also an account which admits the mistake in the first instance, but subjoins other particulars which appear sufficiently probable ; and as some of the facts, of which there is no doubt, reflect the highest honor upon Lord Kilwarden's memory, the whole shall be given here.

In the year 1795, when he was attorney-general, a number of young men (all of whom were between the age of fifteen and twenty) were indicted for high treason. Upon the day appointed for their trial, they appeared in the dock, wearing shirts with tuckers and open collars, in the manner usual with boys. When the chief justice of the King's Bench, before whom they were to be tried, came into court and observed them, he called out, "Well Mr Attorney, I suppose you are ready to go on with the trials of these *tuckered* traitors?" The attorney-general was ready, and had attended for the purpose ; but indignant and disgusted at hearing such language from the judgment seat, he rose and replied, "No my lord, I am *not* ready ; and," (added he, in a low tone to one of the prisoner's counsel who was near him,) "if I have any power to save the lives of these boys, whose extreme youth I did not before observe, that man shall never have the gratification of passing sentence upon a single one of these *tuckered* traitors." He performed his pro

It was at this period, it is asserted, that Mr. Emmet, and the other leaders, who had been somewhat more than an hour engaged in a task far beyond their powers, retired in despair a finding all command disregarded, all efforts to produce subordination ineffectual; and their favourite project of seizing the castle, rejected for the slightest opportunity that occurred of indulging the predatory disposition to rapine and murder of their associates. It has been urged in their favour, that shocked and disgusted at the murder of lord Kilwarden, the chiefs instantaneously came to the resolution of abandoning their unprincipled followers.

A detachment of the regular army coming up now, commenced a brisk fire on the remain-

mise, and soon after procured pardons for them all, upon condition of their expatriating themselves for ever; but one of them obstinately refusing to accept the pardon upon that condition he was tried, convicted and executed. Thus far the fact upon credible authorities: what follows is given as an authenticated report. After the death of this young man, his relatives (it is said) readily listening to every misrepresentation which flattered their resentment, became persuaded that the attorney-general had selected him alone to suffer the utmost severity of the law. One of these (a person named Shannon) was an insurgent on the 23rd of July, and when Lord Kilwarden hearing the popular cry of vengeance, exclaimed from his carriage, "It is I Kilwarden, chief justice of the King's Bench!" "Then" cried out Shannon, "you're the man that I want!" and plunged a pike into his lordship's body.

This story was current among the lower orders in Dublin, who were the most likely to know the fact

ing insurgents, and obliged them, after a short resistance to seek safety in flight. A party of soldiers stationed on the Coombe, under Lieutenant Douglas, was attacked by the mob who were retiring from Thomas-street, and made to give way after a severe skirmish. At this attack the bravery of a venerable old man shown conspicuous; his son was attacked and sorely pressed by the bayonet of one of the soldiers, and would inevitably have been sacrificed, had not the parent, who saw his danger, stepped in and received the blow intended for the son.

The soldier suffered the fate he gave: he was picked instantaneously by the infuriate youth, who retired with agonized feelings, leaving the two bodies side by side—sad mementoes of the effects of bad laws and misgovernment. It was never exactly known the number of lives lost on this night; it is supposed, however, there could not be less than eighty, including, the loss on both sides. Emmet fled to the mountains; he arrived in time to prevent the contemplated rising of the insurgents. Immediately after, he and the other leaders in the conspiracy met in a glen in the Wicklow Mountains, to consult on plans of future operations. Most of them recommended vigorous measures; and strenuously advised an immediate attack on Wicklow, Arklow, &c. stating that all the kingdom was ripe for revolt. The time had passed for Emmet to credit such sweeping assertions; and, though he did not

contradict his friends, he unhesitatingly condemned the having any further recourse to hostilities. "For" said he, "defeated in our first grand attempt, all further endeavours must be futile. Our enemies are armed; our friends are dispirited; and our only hope is now in patience. The justice of our cause must one day triumph; and let us not indiscreetly protract the period by any premature endeavours to accelerate it. No doubt I could, in forty-eight hours, wrap the whole kingdom in the flames of rebellion; but as I have no ambition beyond the good of my country, I best study her interest, and the interest of freedom, by declining to elevate my name upon the ruin of thousands, and afford our tyrants an apology to draw another chain around unhappy Ireland.

"In revolts the first blow decides the contest; we have aimed one; and, missing the mark, let us retire unobserved, and leave the enemy ignorant of the hand which was raised for their destruction. Impenetrable secrecy surrounds all our measures; the loss we have sustained is inconsiderable; and, unacquainted with their own danger, and the extent of our resources, the tyrants of Ireland will relapse into false security, and afford us, perhaps sooner than we might imagine, another opportunity to attack the hydra of oppression. Let me therefore, my friends, advise you to act with that prudence which becomes men engaged in the grandest of all causes—the liberation of their country.

Be cautious, be silent : and do not afford our enemies any ground for either tyranny or suspicion ; but above all, never forget that you are *United Irishmen*—pledged to promote the liberty of your country, by all the means in your power.

“ I have now relieved my bosom from a load of apprehension ; and in preventing the revolt of last night from assuming the form of rebellion, I am conscious of having saved the lives of thousands of my fellow countrymen. When the libeller of my name and intentions shall charge the blood of yesterday to my memory, I hope there will not be wanting some one to recollect that if a little has been shed through my means, I have prevented one hundred times as much, on which I might have floated to a disreputable notoriety.

“ Over my future destiny Fate has thrown a veil which mortal eye cannot penetrate. Should I succeed in evading the pursuit of my enemies, you may expect to see me once more armed in the cause of Ireland ; but, should I fall on the scaffold, let not the coward or the knave intimidate you, from again and again appealing to Heaven in behalf of your rights and liberties by alluding to my recent failure. Oh ! I beseech you, as friends and fellow-patriots, to believe me, and, in the name of our common country, I charge you to transmit it to your children, that, had I only one thousand pounds more, and another thousand men, I had overthrown the temple of despotism, and

given liberty to Ireland. My plan was an admirable one; but there was failure in every part; and from these defects let future patriots learn to prevent similar consequences. Our attempt will not be unproductive of good; the government will learn from it, that they will never be secure while there is an Emmet in existence; and the conspirator will see that tens of thousands may know his secret, without ever one being found capable of betraying it.—Gentlemen, you will now look to your own safety; and as for me, I shall do the best I can to quit the country, in the hope of again meeting you under happier auspices.”

He spoke in a subdued and feeling tone; and as he bade them all farewell, he appeared deeply affected. After some hesitation his advice was acquiesced in; and the assembly began to separate, two and three at a time.

Emmet was now pressed to make his escape before government obtained information respecting his place of concealment; an opportunity then offered for his doing so, as several fishing smacks lay off the coast, the owners of whom were insurgents. He replied to his friends who were pressing him—“I shall follow your advice in a few days; but I cannot yet quit Ireland. Excuse my obstinacy; but there is one to whom I must bid an eternal farewell, before the terrors of government shall force me into exile. Why should I refuse to acknowledge the cause? for I am not ashamed of a weakness that compels me to do an act of justice—to be

and, if possible, to obtain, forgiveness from a woman, whom I have unintentionally injured —whom I have loved so well, that I must once more see her, hear her, and converse with her though ten thousand deaths awaited on the interview. You now see, my friends, the cause of my not complying with your advice; and though you should condemn my notions as extravagant, I cannot consent to forego my resolution."

The lady to whom poor Emmet was so enthusiastically attached, was the youngest daughter of the celebrated Curran; and, if report may be credited, she was every way worthy of a heart so fond, so gentle, and so noble, as that of Robert Emmet.

Emmet returned towards Dublin on this very romantic business. To bring about the wished for interview, he wrote several letters from his lodgings at Harold's-cross, which he again took on this occasion.

While anxiously expecting an answer to his letters, the house he was in was suddenly surrounded by police officers, headed by Major Sirr,* who, rushing into the apartment, seized

* There are numerous anecdotes of this Sirr. Some of his *taking* propensities are most remarkable. We cannot refrain from giving one, descriptive of the loyalty he professed in *taking* rogues and rebels; but "Othello's occupation is gone," he has none but beggars and their brats wherewith to quench his appetite for seizures and punishments. But we are happy to see he is now *taken*

him as he was sitting down to dinner. The unfortunate Emmet betrayed no tokens of fear or perturbation, but evinced the same calm and dignified aspect which ever distinguished this

to a very religious course of life ; and it must be gratifying to acknowledge his swadling propensity in distributing very *taking* tracts.

“ It was at this sad crisis (1798) that Major Sirr, from an obscure individual started into notice and consequence. It is in the hot-bed of public calamity that such inauspicious products are accelerated without being matured. From being a town-major, a name scarcely legible in the list of public incumbrances, he became at once invested with all the real powers of the most absolute authority.

“ With this gentleman’s extraordinary elevation began the story of the sufferings and ruin of Hevy. A man was prosecuted by the state ; Hevy, who was accidentally present at the trial, knowing the witness for the prosecution to be a person of infamous character, mentioned the circumstance in court. He was sworn, and on his evidence the prisoner was acquitted. In a day or two after, Major Sirr met Hevy in the street, asked how he dared to interfere in *his* business ? and swore, by God, that he would teach him how to meddle with ‘ his people.’ On the following evening poor Hevy was dogged in the dark, into some lonely alley—there he was seized, he knew not by whom, nor by what authority, his crime he soon learned, it was treason he had committed against the majesty of Major Sirr. He was immediately conducted to a new place of imprisonment in the castle yard, called the provost. Of this mansion of misery, Major Sandys was the keeper. Here Hevy lay about seven weeks ; he was at last discovered among the sweepings of the prison. “ Hevy,” said the major, “ I have seen you ride, I think, a smart sort of a mare—you cant use her here—you had better give me an order for her ” Hevy induced by hopes and by fear, gave

extraordinary young man. A few days after he was lodged in prison, he wrote Mr. Curran the following letter.

The order. The major accepted the order, saying, "your courtesy will not cost you much—you are to be sent down to-morrow to Kilkenny, to be tried for your life—you will most certainly be hanged—and you can scarcely think that your journey to the other world will be performed on horse-back." Hevy was accordingly transmitted to Kilkenny, tried by a court martial, and convicted upon the evidence of a person under sentence of death, who had been allured by a proclamation, offering a reward to any man who would come forward and give any evidence against the traitor Hevy. Lord Cornwallis read the transmiss of Hevy's condemnation—his heart recoiled from the detail of stupidity and barbarity.—He dashed his pen across the odious record, and ordered that Hevy should be forthwith liberated. On his return to Dublin, Hevy met Major Sandys, and demanded his mare—'Ungrateful villian,' says the major, 'is this the gratitude you show to his majesty and to me, for our clemency to you—you shan't get possession of the beast.' Hevy brought an action for the mare; the major not choosing to come into court, and suggest the probable success of a thousand actions, restored the property.

"Three years had elapsed since the deliverance of Hevy—the public atmosphere had cleared—the private destiny of Hevy seemed to have brightened, but the malice of his enemies had not been appeased. On the 8th of September, 1801, Mr. Hevy was sitting in a public coffee house—Major Sirr was there—Mr. Hevy was informed that Major Sirr had at that moment said, that he (Hevy) ought to have been hanged. Mr. Hevy was fired at the charge; he fixed his eye on Sirr, and asked if he had dared to say so; Sirr declared that he had, and had said truly. Hevy answered, that he was a slanderous scoundrel. At the instant, Sirr rushed upon

FROM MR. ROBERT EMMET TO JOHN
PHILPOT CURRAN, ESQ.

“I did not expect you to be my counsel. I nominated you, because not to have done so might have appeared remarkable. Had Mr. _____ been in town, I did not even wish to

him, and, assisted by three or four of his satellites, who had attended him in disguise, secured him, and sent him to the castle guard, desiring that a receipt might be given for the villian.—He was sent thither. The officer of the guard chanced to be an Englishman, but lately arrived in Ireland—he said to the bailiffs, ‘if this was England, I should think this gentleman entitled to bail, but I dont know the laws of this country—however I think you had better loosen those irons on his wrists, or they may kill him.’

“Major Sirr, the defendant, soon arrived, went into his office, and returned with an order which he had written, and by virtue of which Mr. Hevy was conveyed to the custody of his old friend, and gaoler, Major Sandys. Here he was flung into a room of about thirteen feet by twelve ; it was called the hospital of the provost ; it was occupied by six beds, in which were to lie fourteen or fifteen miserable wretches, some of them sinking under contagious disorders. Here he passed the first night without bed or food. The next morning his humane keeper, the major appeared. Mr. Hevy demanded why he was so imprisoned, complained of hunger, and asked for the gaol allowance ? Major Sandys replied with a torrent of abuse, which he concluded by saying, your crime is your insolence to Major Sirr ; however he disdains to trample on you—you may appease him by proper and contrite submission ; but unless you do, you shall rot where you are. I tell you this, that the government will not protect us, by God, we will not

have seen you ; but as he was not, I wrote to you to come to me at once. I know that I have done you very severe injury, much greater than I can atone for with my life ; that atonement I did offer to make before the privy council, by pleading guilty, if those documents*

protect them. You will probably (for I know your insolent and ungrateful hardness) attempt to get out by an Habeas Corpus, but in that you will find yourself mistaken as much as a rascal deserves. Hevy was insolent enough to issue an Habeas Corpus, and a return was made on it, 'that Hevy was in eustody under a warrant from General Graig, on a charge of high treason.' That this return was a gross falsehood, fabricated by Sirr, I am instructed to assert. The judge, before whom this return was brought, felt that he had no authority to liberate the unhappy prisoner ; and thus, by a most inhuman and malicious lie, my client was again remanded to the horrid mansion of pestilence and famine. Upon this, Mr. Hevy, finding that nothing else remained, signed a submission dictated by Sandys, was enlarged from confinement, and brought the present action."

—*Extract of Mr. Curran's speech.*

The jury awarded Mr. Hevy 150*l.* damages.

* Upon the arrest of Mr. Emmet, some papers were found on his person, which showed that subsequent to the insurrection, he had corresponded with one of Mr. Curran's family ; a warrant accordingly followed, as a matter of course, to examine Mr. Curran's house, where some of Mr. Emmet's letters were found, which, together with the documents taken upon his person, placed beyond a doubt his connexion with the late conspiracy, and were afterwards used as evidence upon his trial.

were suppressed. I offered more—I offered if I was permitted to consult some persons, and if they would consent to an accommodation for saving the lives of others, that I would only require for my part of it the suppression of those documents, and that I would abide the event of my own trial. This also was rejected; and nothing but individual information (with the exception of names) would be taken. My intention was, not to leave the suppression of those documents to possibility, but to render it unnecessary for any one to plead for me, by pleading guilty to the charge myself.

At the instance of the attorney-general, Mr. O'Grady, Mr. Curran accompanied him to the privy council. Upon his first entrance there was some indication of the hostile spirit which he had originally apprehended. A noble lord, who at that time held the highest judicial situation in Ireland, undertook to examine him upon the transaction which occasioned his attendance. To do this was undoubtedly his duty. He fixed his eye upon Mr. Curran, and was proceeding to cross-examine his countenance, when (as is well remembered by the spectators of the scene) the swell of indignation, and the glance of stern dignity and contempt which he encountered there, gave his own nerves the shock which he had meditated for another's, and compelled him to shrink back into his chair, silent and disconcerted at the failure of his rash experiment. With this single exception, Mr. Curran was treated with the utmost delicacy

“The circumstances that I am now going to mention, I do not state in my own justification. When I first addressed your daughter, I expected that in another week my own fate would be decided. I knew that in case of success, many others might look on me differently from what they did at that moment; but I speak with sincerity, when I say that I never was anxious for situation or distinction myself, and I did not wish to be united to one who was. I spoke to your daughter, neither expecting, nor, in fact, under those circumstances, wishing that there should be a return of attachment; but wishing to judge of her dispositions, to know how far they might be not unfavourable or disengaged, and to know what foundation I might afterwards have to count on. I received no encouragement whatever. She told me she had no attachment for any person, nor did she seem likely to have any that could make her wish to quit you. I staid away till the time had elapsed, when I found that the event to which I allude was to be postponed indefinitely. I returned by a kind of infatuation, thinking that to myself, only, was I giving pleasure or pain. I perceived no progress of attachment on her part, nor any thing in her conduct to distinguish me from a common acquaintance. Afterwards I had reason to suppose that discoveries were made, and that I should be obliged to quit the kingdom immediately; and I came to make a renunciation of any approach to friendship that might have

been formed. On that very day, she herself spoke to me to discontinue my visits; I told her that it was my intention, and I mentioned the reason. I then, for the first time, found, when I was unfortunate, by the manner in which she was affected, that there was a return of affection, and that it was too late to retreat. My own apprehensions, also, I afterwards found were without cause, and I remained.—There has been much culpability on my part in all this, but there has also been a great deal of that misfortune which seems uniformly to have accompanied me. That I have written to your daughter, since an unfortunate event has taken place, was an additional breach of propriety, for which I have suffered well; but I will candidly confess, that I not only do not feel it to have been of the same extent, but that I consider it to have been unavoidable after what had passed; for though I will not attempt to justify in the smallest degree my former conduct, yet, when an attachment was once formed between us—and a sincerer one never did exist—I feel that, peculiarly circumstanced as I then was, to have left her uncertain of my situation would neither have weaned her affections, nor lessened her anxiety; and looking upon her as one, whom, if I had lived, I hoped to have had my partner for life, I did hold the removing her anxiety above every other consideration. I would rather have had the affections of your daughter in the back settlements of America, than the first situation

this country could afford without them. I know not whether this will be any extenuation of my offence—I know not whether it will be any extenuation of it to know, that if I had that situation in my power at this moment, I would relinquish it to devote my life to her happiness—I know not whether success would have blotted out the recollection of what I have done—but I know that a man, with the coldness of death on him, need not be made to feel any other coldness, and that he may be spared any addition to the misery he feels, not for himself, but for those to whom he has left nothing but sorrow.”*

A special commission was opened to try Emmet and nineteen other prisoners in Dublin, on the 31st of August, 1803, under Lord Norbury, Mr. Finucane, and Barons George and Daly. Mr. Standish O’Grady was the attorney-general.

Of these nineteen, one was acquitted, and another reprieved; the rest were convicted and executed on the evidence of various witnesses.†

* This letter was written in the interval between MR. EMMET’S conviction and execution. It had neither signature nor date.

† Not only were rewards of a thousand pounds offered for the information of any of the murderers of Lord Kilwarden, or his nephew, Mr. Wolfe, and for the ap-

Amongst the unfortunate men convicted were some of the principal associates of Emmet in the Insurrection. Mr. Russel, was the son of an officer of reputation in his Majesty's service,

prehension of Mr. Russel, but a reward of fifty pounds for each of the first one hundred rebels who might be discovered, that were of the number who appeared under arms in Thomas-street on Saturday night, 23rd July. There is no question but that state crimes and conspiracies often render such rewards necessary for the detection of delinquents, and the security of individuals or the state. Widely different is the case of affixing state prices or wages to each conviction as a bait to perjury, which is ever swallowed the most greedily by the most profligate. Such was the case of the notorious Jemmy O'Brien. Of the like case were two noted informers, Michael Mahaffy, a pedlar, and Ryan his partner. On the 6th of September, Mahaffy gave evidence against Felix Rourke, who was indicted and executed for High Treason, committed on the 23rd of July. Ryan corroborated all that had been advanced by Mahaffy. These associates were in the Old Mens' Hospital, Kilmainham prison, on the 24th of October, following: but whether they were confined for their own deeds, or to afford them an opportunity of collecting evidence against state prisoners, of whom a great number were there re-confined under the Suspicion Act, is not known. They, however, quarrelled, and Ryan exclaimed in the presence of several persons:—"*Oh, may my curse, and the curse of my children attend you, Mickey Mahaffy. It was you who made me swear away the lives of those innocent men whom I never saw, till you marked them out for me.*" They had deposed against several besides Rourke. To which Mahaffy answered, "*By J—: so long as they will find £50 I will swear.*" Then, and not till then, did those unfortunate men, who were present, feel the danger of their situation; their lives at

and who, having retired, enjoyed an honorable retreat in the situation of master of the Royal Hospital for veterans at Kilmainham, near Dublin. He was placed early in the army, and served at Bunker's hill, and the subsequent campaigns in North America. After the peace, he either retired on half pay, or his corp was reduced. He was affectionate and tender hearted, and possessed every feeling and sentiment of the gentleman. After the arrest of Emmet, Russell introduced himself clandestinely into Dublin, with a view to rescue his friend, if possible, under favor of some commotion. About two days after his arrival, it became known that some person was mysteriously secreted in the immediate vicinity of the Castle. Information to this effect having been conveyed to Major Sirr, that officer proceeded to the examination of a house in Parliament-street, where he was found, and to whom Mr. Russell, though well armed, surrendered without resistance. It was supposed that he was, in this act, influenced by a religious scruple. He was immediately transmitted to Downpatrick, in the North of Ireland, where he was shortly after brought to trial, and upon the clearest evidence of his treason, convicted. After his trial, he manifested all that wildness

the mercy of such perjured hirelings. The scene made a strong sensation throughout the prison, and the next morning Mahaffy and Ryan were removed from that apartment, and shortly after sent off entirely.

of religious enthusiasm, which had for some time formed the prominent feature of his character. On conviction, he addressed the court, at great length, and with remarkable firmness. He declared his adherence to the political opinions for which he was about to suffer, and touched, in a tender point, the gentlemen of the County of Down, by whom he was surrounded. These gentlemen, although latterly become more anxious to preserve their property than to preserve the circle of their liberties, had been foremost in the outcry for Parliamentary Reform and Political Independence. Russell reminded them of this circumstance, and declared that he was doomed to suffer for endeavouring to put into execution the lessons imbibed amongst them.

A man of a different stamp was Dwyer. This man, at the head of a gang of deserters and banditti, had remained in arms from the period of the Rebellion of 1798, obstinately rejecting repeatedly proffered mercy; and who, dexterously eluding all pursuit, had sustained himself under the protection of the almost inaccessible fastnesses of the Wicklow Mountains. His party did not ostensibly exceed twenty, but he was supposed to possess unbounded influence over the peasants of that district, so that a large body, on any notable undertaking, was within his means of command. Dwyer and his band of outlaws afterwards submitted on the stipulation that their lives should be spared.

On Mr. Emmet's trial, the several facts and circumstances already narrated were fully proved. He called no witnesses, and was found guilty. Previous to the judge's charge to the jury, Lord Conyngham Plunket, who was then King's Counsel, and conducted the prosecution against Mr. Emmet, made a speech of considerable length, and in the severest tone of legal and political asperity, detailed the consequences that would affect all social order, were such opinions as Emmet entertained, allowed to have any countenance from the mildness of the laws, or the mistaken lenity, which is often exercised by the authority vested in the sacred person of majesty.*

* Lord Conyngham Plunket shortly afterwards commenced proceedings in the Court of King's Bench against Messrs. Gilbert and Hodges, booksellers, for a libel published in a book, entitled, "Sketches of History, Politics, &c." The offensive passage was as follows:—

"Mr. Plunket is an admirable public speaker, either at the bar or in parliament. This gentleman, however was severely reprobated for his conduct on the trial of MR. EMMET. Mr. Plunket, who was then only King's Counsel conducted the prosecution against this unfortunate young man with a rancour and virulence which shocked and surprised every person acquainted with his obligations to his father and family. Mr. Plunket's reasons for this conduct have never been made known, though it injured him very much in public estimation. Crown lawyers have always been of the blood-hound tribe—they seldom lose sight of their prey, either from consideration of gratitude, or humanity. We have an instance of this in the prosecution of Lord Essex, on

When Mr. Emmet was put to the bar, and called upon by Lord Norbury to offer what he had to say why sentence of death and execution should not be awarded against him according to law, he rose with great firmness and composure, and delivered a speech of remark

whom the celebrated Bacon, then Attorney-General, exhausted every opprobrious term in the English language, though this amiable nobleman had been his greatest benefactor and friend."

Lord Conyngham Plunket published a long affidavit, sworn before one of the Justices of the King's Bench, in which he utterly denied any intimacy having ever existed between himself and any of the family of Doctor Emmet.

The following circumstances, copied from "Sketches of Irish History, by Dr. M'Nevin," published at New York, in 1807, we lay before our readers, which will enable them to give credit where it is most justly deserved. At the same time, they are to observe, that the work had been composed, and given to the world as historical facts, by the *concurrence of Thomas Addis Emmet*, the brother of Robert. The causes which gave existence to the documents we quote, were, that the government prints had maliciously insinuated stories to the prejudice of the honour and character of Arthur O'Connor, Thomas Addis Emmet, and Dr. M'Nevin, while confined in Kilmainham gaol, which they refuted by the following advertisement, inserted in *Saunders's News Letter* :—

"Having read, in the different Newspapers, Publications pretending to be abstracts of the Report of the Secret Committee of the House of Commons, and of our depositions before the Committees of the Lords and Commons; we feel ourselves called upon to assure the public, that they are gross, and, to us, astonishing mis-

able force and ability. His appeal to the memory of his parent was most affecting: "If the spirits

representations, not only unsupported by, but, in many instances, directly contradictory to the facts we really stated on those occasions. We further assure our friends, that in no instance did the name of any individual escape from us; on the contrary, we always refused answering such questions as might tend to implicate any person whatever, conformably to the agreement entered into by the state prisoners with government.

ARTHUR O'CONNOR.

THOMAS ADDIS EMMET.

WILLIAM JAMES M'NEVIN.

"The sending forth of this advertisement from the body of a prison, and authenticated by the names of the parties, left no doubt of the truth of its allegations. A tempest of folly and fury was immediately excited in the House of Commons. Blinded by their rage, the Members of that honourable assembly neglected the obvious distinction between the Newspapers and their Report. They took to themselves the falsehoods that had been repelled. Mr. M'Naughton and two virulent barristers, Francis Hutchinson, and *Conyngham Plunket*, were even clamorous for having the persons who signed the refutation disposed of by a summary execution. *Plunket had been the bosom intimate of Emmet, the companion of his childhood, and the friend of his youth.* Hutchinson afterwards acknowledged that he was instigated to what he did by the administration, which imitated, in this proceeding, the ancient policy of the English, in making Irishmen the executioners of one another. The conduct of both marks the inhumanity and meanness to which Irish gentlemen debased themselves at this period, the better to signalize their loyalty towards the rulers of wretched Ireland."—*Sketches of Irish History, by Doctor M'Nevin.*

of the illustrious dead participate in the concern and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life, oh! ever dear, and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son; and see if I have, even for a moment, deviated from those principles of morality, and patriotism, which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now about to offer up my life."

In remarking on the language of the Counsel for the Crown, Mr. Emmet said, that "in their early intimacy he had actually inculcated into his mind those principles, for which he was now about to offer up his life."

On the morning of the day of his execution he wrote the following letter to Mr. Richard Curran :—

FROM ROBERT EMMET TO RICHARD
CURRAN, ESQ.

"MY DEAREST RICHARD,

"I find I have but a few hours to live, but if it was the last moment, and that the power of utterance was leaving me, I would thank you from the bottom of my heart for your generous expressions of affection and forgiveness to me. If there was any one in the world, in whose breast my death might be supposed not to stifle every spark of resentment, it might be you—I have deeply injured you—I have injured the happiness of a sister that you love, and who was formed to give happi-

ness to every one about her, instead of having her own mind a prey to affliction. Oh! Richard, I have no excuse to offer, but that I meant the reverse; I intended as much happiness for Sarah as the most ardent love could have given her. I never did tell you how much I idolized her:—It was not with a wild or unfounded passion, but it was an attachment encreasing every hour, from an admiration of the purity of her mind, and respect for her talents. I did dwell in secret upon the prospect of our union. I did hope that success, while it afforded the opportunity of our union, might be a means of confirming an attachment, which misfortune had called forth: I did not look to honours for myself—praise I would have asked from the lips of no man; but I would have wished to read in the glow of Sarah's countenance, that her husband was respected.

“My love, Sarah! it was not thus that I thought to have requited your affection. I did hope to be a prop, round which your affections might have clung, and which would never have been shaken; but a rude blast has snapped it, and they have fallen over a grave.

“This is no time for affliction. I have had public motives to sustain my mind, and I have not suffered it to sink; but there have been moments in my imprisonment, when my mind was so sunk by grief on her account, that death would have been a refuge.

"God bless you, my dearest Richard. I am obliged to leave off immediately.

"ROBERT EMMET."

Mr. Emmet was executed on the day following that of his sentence, in Thomas-street, at the head of Bridgefoot-street, opposite Catherine's Church.

Robert Emmet, the lofty-minded patriot—the amiable enthusiast—the warm-hearted friend, and ardent lover, is no more! The hand of the executioner extinguished the fire and energy of that soul, which burned for his country's good; and that tongue, of the purest and sublimest eloquence, is now for ever mute. Mistaken youth? thy death has been ignominious: but in thy fate there has been so much that challenges attention, and excites regret, that the felon's destiny shall neither deprive thy memory of sympathy, nor thy name of immortality! Thy views were doubtless erroneous, but thy intentions, we believe, were honest; at all events, thy short career warrants the supposition, and let us not uncharitably conclude otherwise.

He died as he lived, with heroic fearlessness, and decent fortitude. The amiable though enthusiastic Emmet, however, we hope, has not died in vain. Our rulers must learn from his history, that a people without confidence is a moral Hydra, never to be deprived of the means of doing mischief. The head of one Rebellion is no sooner lopped off, than

another is generated. The Hercules, who is to annihilate the monster, can only be found in that act of wisdom and justice, which is to reconcile the people to their rulers, by making them *freemen*.

The fate of Robert Emmet demanded something more than tears; and unprofitable as these may have been, we have continued to offer them still to his memory. But let our private sorrows pass—history one day will do him justice. We have thrown our might into the scale in which his reputation yet trembles; and, inadequate as that may be, it is sincere and impartial. All ye who knew him in “his hour of pride,” go ~~and~~ do likewise.

MISS CURRAN.

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing ;
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking—
Ah ! little they think who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.

He had liv'd for his love, for his country he died ;
They were all that to life had entwin'd him—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh ! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow ;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,
From her own lov'd island of sorrow.

The evening before his death, Miss Curran was ushered into his dungeon to bid him her eternal farewell. He was leaning in a melancholy mood against the window of the prison, and the heavy clanking of his chains smote dismally on her heart. The interview was bitterly affecting, and melted even the callous soul of the gaoler. As for Emmet himself, he wept, and spoke little ; but as he pressed his beloved in silence to his heart, his countenance betrayed his emotions. In a low voice, half choked by anguish, he besought her not to forget him : he reminded her of their former happiness, of the long past days of their childhood, and concluded by requesting her sometimes to visit the scenes where their infancy was spent,

and though the world might repeat his name with scorn, to cling to his memory with affection. In parting, she turned round, as if to gaze once more on her widowed love. He caught her eye as she retired; it was but for a moment; and as the door closed on him, it informed her too surely that they had met for the last time on earth, but that they should meet in a better world, where man could not separate them.

She loved him with the disinterested fervour of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him; when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her, whose whole soul was occupied by his image? Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth—who have sat at its threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, from whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed.

To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from her paternal roof. But could the sympathy and offices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven in by horror, she would have experienced no want of consolation; for the Irish are proverbially a people

of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried by all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragic story of her love. But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity, that scathe and scorch the soul—that penetrate to the vital seat of happiness—and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never objected to frequent the haunts of pleasure, but she was as much alone there as in the depths of solitude. She walked about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe, that mocked at all the blandishments of friendship, and “heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he never so wisely.”

On the occasion of a masquerade at the Rotunda, her friends brought her to it. There can be no exhibition of far-gone wretchedness more striking and painful, than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering, like a spectre, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay—to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and woe-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd, with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra, and, looking about for some

time with a vacant air, that showed insensibility to the garish scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice, but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that she drew a crowd, mute and silent, around her, and melted every one into tears.

The story of one so true and tender could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead, could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He, however, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation, for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance, that her heart was unalterably another's.

He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered

into her very soul. She wasted away in a slow, but hopeless decline, and at length sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.

Her sorrows are numbered—no longer she weeps ;
Every pang she endured is requited,
With endless delight, and in silence she sleeps,
For in death with her love she's united.

Like SIDNEY he died, but his mem'ry shall live
In the bosoms of those who deplored him,
And pity, her purest of dew-drops shall give
To the sorrows of those who adored him.

For he loved—was beloved ! but, alas ! in his bloom,
The ordeal of fate here sore tried him :
And his spirit took flight from the world of gloom,
To that glory which here was denied him.

From regions of bliss—the high Heaven above—
Where sorrows can never invade him,
He saw her distress, and he beckon'd his love
To ascend, and with joy she obeyed him.

And she who is joined to the spirit she mourned,
Now in bliss, 'tis in vain to deplore her ;
For her mem'ry shall live in their bosoms inured,
Who vowed even in death to adore her.

Whether hero, or lover, or else, matters not,
“ Other times—other men shall divine him ;”
Let him rest with his love, by the world forgot,
We have hearts large enough to enshrine him

MY EMMET'S NO MORE.

Despair in her wild eye, a daughter of Erin,
 Appeared on the cliff of a bleak rocky shore,
 Loose in the winds flowed her dark streaming ringlets,
 And heedless she gazed on the drear surge's roar.
 Loud rang her harp in wild tones of despairing,
 The time past away with the present comparing,
 And in soul-thrilling strains deeper sorrow declaring,
 She sang Erin's woes and her EMMET'S no more.

"Oh, Erin, my country! your glory's departed,
 For tyrants and traitors have stabbed thy heart's core;
 Thy daughters have laved in the streams of affliction!
 Thy patriots have fled, or lie stretched in their gore!!
 Ruthless ruffians now prowl through thy hamlets forsaken—
 From pale hungry orphans their last morsel have taken—
 The screams of thy females no pity awaken;
 Alas! my poor country, your EMMET'S no more!

"Brave was his spirit, yet mild as the Brahmin,
 His heart bled in anguish at the wrongs of the poor;
 To relieve their hard sufferings he braved every danger,
 The vengeance of tyrants undauntedly bore.
 Even before him, the proud titled villians in power,
 Were seen, though in ermine, in terror to cower,
 But, alas! he is gone, he has fallen a young flower,
 They have murdered my EMMET—my EMMET'S no more!"

ACCOUNT OF THE LATE
PLAN OF INSURRECTION IN DUBLIN,
AND CAUSE OF ITS FAILURE.*

The plan was comprised under three heads : *Points of Attack—Points of Check—and Lines of Defence.*

The points of attack were three—the Pigeon House, the Castle, and the Artillery Barracks at Island Bridge.

The attack was to begin with the Pigeon House—number of men 200—the place of assembly, the Strand, between Irishtown and Sandymount—the time, low water—the men to divide into two bodies : one to cross by a sand-bank, between the Pigeon House and Light House, where they were to mount the wall ; the other to cross at Devonshire wharf, both parties to detach three men with blunderbusses, and three with jointed pikes concealed, who were to seize the sentries and the gates for the rest to rush in. Another plan was formed for high water, by means of pleasure or fish-

* Annexed to the copy from which the above has been transcribed, is the following memorandum, in the handwriting of a gentleman who held a confidential situation under the Irish government.—“ The original of this paper was delivered by MR. EMMET on the morning just before he was brought out to execution, in order to be forwarded to his brother, THOMAS AEDU'S EMMET, at Paris.”

ing boats, going out in the morning, one by one, and returning in the evening to the dock at the Pigeon House, where they were to land. A rocket from this was to be the signal for the other two, viz. :—

The Castle, the number of men 200. The place of assembly, Patrick-street depot. A house in Ship-street was expected, also one near the gate. A hundred men to be armed with jointed pikes and blunderbusses, the rest to support them, and march openly with long pikes. To begin by the entrance of two job coaches, hackney coachmen, two footmen, and six persons inside, to drive in at the upper gate into the yard; come out of the coaches; turn back and seize the guard (or instead of one of the job coaches, a sedan going in at the same time with two footmen, two chairmen and one inside); at the same moment a person was, in case of failure, to rap at Lamprey's door, seize it and let in others, to come down by a scaling ladder from a window, on the top of the guard-house, while attacks were made at a public house in Ship-street, which has three windows commanding the guard-house, a gate in Stephen-street, another at the Aungier-street end of Great George's street, leading to the Ordnance, another at the new houses in George's-street, leading to the riding yard, and another over a piece of a brick wall near the Palace-street gate. Scaling ladders for all these. Fire-balls, if necessary,

for the guard-house of the upper gate. The *Lord Lieutenant* and *principal Officers of Government*, together with the bulk of artillery, to be sent off, under an escort, to the commander in Wicklow, in case of being obliged to retreat. I forgot to mention, that the same was to be done with as much of the Pigeon House stores as could be. Another part with some artillery, to come into town along the quays, and take post at Carlisle bridge, to act according to circumstances.

Island Bridge, 400 men. Place of assembly, Quarry-hole opposite, and Burying-ground. Eight men with pistols, and one with a blunderbuss to seize the sentry walking outside, seize the gates, some to rush in, seize the cannon opposite the gate; the rest to mount on all sides by scaling ladders; on seizing this, to send two cannon over the bridge facing the barrack-road. Another detachment, to bring cannon down James's-street, another towards Rathfarnham, as before. To each of the flank points when carried, reinforcements to be sent, with horses, &c., to transport the artillery. Island Bridge only to be maintained (a false attack also thought of, after the others had been made, on the rear of the barracks, and, if necessary, to burn the hay stores in rear.)

Three rockets to be the signal that the attack on any part was made, and afterwards a rocket of stars in case of victory, a silent one of repulse.

Another point of attack not mentioned, Cork-street Barracks; if the officer could surprise it, and set fire to it; if not, to take post in the house (I think in Earl-street, the street at the end of Cork-street, leading to New-market, looking down the street with musketry, two bodies of pikemen in Earl-street), to the right and left of Cork-street, and concealed from troops marching in that street. Another in (I think Marrowbone-lane) to take them in the rear. Place of assembly, fields adjacent or Fenton-fields.

POINTS OF CHECK.—The old Custom-house, 300 men, the gate to be shut or stopped with a load of straw, to be previously in the street. The other small gate to be commanded by musketry, and the bulk of the 300 men to be distributed in Parliament-street, Crane-lane, and those streets falling into Essex-street, in order to attack them if they forced out. The pointed pikes and blunderbusses lying under great coats rendered all these surprises unsuspected; fire balls, if necessary, and a beam of rockets.

An idea also, was, if money had been got to purchase Rafferty's cheese shop, opposite to it, to make a depot and assembly; and to mine under and blow up a part of the Custom-house, and attack them in confusion, as also the Castle. The miners would have been got also to mine from a cellar into some of the streets through which the army from the barracks must march. The assembly was at the Coal-quay.

Mary-street barracks, sixty men. A house-painter's house, and one equally removed on the opposite side (No. 36 I believe), whose fire commands the iron gate of the barracks, without being exposed to the fire from it, to be occupied by twenty-four blunderbusses: the remainder, pikemen, to remain near Cole's-lane or to be ready, in case of rushing out, to attack them. Assembly, Cole's-lane market, or else detached from Custom-house body.

The corner house in Capel-street (it was Killy Kelly's), commanding in Ormond-quay, and Dixon, the shoemaker's (or the house beyond it), which open suddenly on the flank of the army, without being exposed to their fire, to be occupied by blunderbusses:—assembly detached from Custom-house body.

LINE OF DEFENCE.—Beresford-street has six issues from Church-street, viz., Coleraine-street, King-street, Stirrup-lane, Mary's-lane, Pill-lane, and the Quay. These to be chained in the first instance, by a body of chainmen; double chains and padlocks were deposited: and the sills of the doors marked. The blockade to be afterwards filled up; that on the Quay, by bringing up the coaches from the stand, and oversetting them, together with the butchers' blocks from Ormond-market. The houses over the chains to be occupied with hand-grenades, pistols, and stones. Pikemen to parade in Beresford-street, to attack, instantly, any person that might penetrate; the

number 200. Assembly, Smithfield Depot, where were 800 pikes for reinforcements. The object was, to force the troops to march towards the Castle, by the other side of the water, where the bulk of the preparations and men to receive them were.

Merchant's Quay. In case the army, after passing the Old Bridge, marched that way, Wogan's house, and a Birmingham warehouse next to it, to be occupied with musketry, grenades, and stones; also, the leather crane at the other end of the quay; a beam to be before the crane, lying across the Quay, to be fired at the approach of the enemy's column. A body of pikemen, in Wine-tavern-street, instantly to rush on them in front; another body in Cook-street to do the same, by five lanes opening on their flank, and by Bride-street in their rear. Another beam in Bridge-street, in case of taking that rout, and then the Cook-street body to rush out instantly in front. A beam in Dirty-lane; main body of pikemen in Thomas-street to rush on them instantly on firing the beam. The body on the Quay to attack on rear: in case of repulse, Catherine's Church, Market-house, and two houses adjacent, that command that street, occupied with musketry. Two rocket batteries near the Market-house, a beam before it; body of pikemen in Swift's-alley and that range, to rush on their flank, after the beam was fired, through Thomas-court, Vicar-street, and three other issues: the corner houses

of these issues to be occupied by stones and grenades; the entire of the other side of the street to be occupied with stones, &c., the flank of this side to be protected by a chain at James's-gate, and Guinness's orays, &c.; the rear of it to be protected from Cook-street, in case the officer there failed, by chains across Rainsford-street, Crilly's-yard, Meath-street, Ash-street, and Francis-street. The Quay body to co-operate by the issues before mentioned (at the other side), the chains of which would be opened by us immediately. In case of further repulse, the houses at the corner of Cutpurse-row, commanding the lanes at each side of the Market-house, the two houses in High-street, commanding that open, and the corner houses of Castle-street, commanding Skinner-row, (now Christ Church-place) to be successively occupied. In case of a final retreat, the routes to be three: Cork-street, to Templeogue, New-street, Rathfarnham, and Camden-street department. The bridges of the Liffey to be covered six feet deep with boards full of long nails bound down by two iron bars, with spikes eighteen inches long, driven through them into the pavement, to stop a column of cavalry, or even infantry.

The whole of this plan was given up by me for the want of means, except the Castle and lines of defence, for I expected three hundred Wexford, four hundred Kildare, and two hundred Wicklow men, all of whom had fought before, to begin the surprises at this

side of the water, and by the preparations for defence, so as to give time to the town to assemble. The county of Dublin was also to act at the instant it began; the number of Dublin people acquainted with it I understood to be three or four thousand. I expected two thousand to assemble at Castigan's mills—the grand place of assembly. The evening before the Wicklow men failed through their officer. The Kildare men who were to act (particularly with me) came in; and at 5 o'clock went off again from the Canal harbour, on a report that Dublin would not act. In Dublin itself it was given out, by some treacherous or cowardly person, that it was postponed till Wednesday. The time of assembly was from six till nine; and at nine, instead of two thousand, there were eighty men assembled. When we came to the Market-house they were diminished to eighteen or twenty. The Wexford men did assemble, I believe, to the amount promised, on the Coal-quay; but three hundred men, though they might be sufficient to begin on a sudden, were not so, when government had five hours' notice by express from Kildare.

Add to this, the preparations were, from an unfortunate series of disappointments in money, unfinished, scarcely any blunderbusses bought up.

The man who was to turn the fuzes and rammers for the beams forgot them, and went off to Kildare to bring men, and did not re-

turn till the very day. The consequence was that all the beams were not loaded, nor mounted with wheels, nor the train bags, of course, fastened on to explode them.

From the explosion in Patrick-street I lost the jointed pikes which were deposited there; and the day of action was fixed on before this, and could not be changed.

I had no means for making up for their loss but by the hollow beams full of pikes, which struck me three or four days before the 23d. From the delays in getting the materials they were not able to set about them till the day before; the whole of that day and the next, which ought to have been spent in arrangements, was obliged to be employed in work. Even this, from the confusion occasioned by men crowding into the depot from the country, was almost impossible.

The person who had the management of the depot, mixed, by accident, the slow matches that were prepared with what were not, and all our labour went for nothing.

The fuzes for the grenades he had also laid by, where he forgot them, and could not find them in the crowd.

The cramp irons could not be got in time from the smiths, to whom we could not communicate the necessity of dispatch; and the scaling ladders were not finished (but one). Money came in at five o'clock, and the trusty men of the depot, who alone knew the town, were obliged to be sent out to buy up blunder-

busses, for the people refused to act without some. To change the day was impossible, for I expected the counties to act, and feared to lose the advantage of surprise. The Kildare men were coming in for three days; and after that it was impossible to draw back. Had I another week; had I one thousand pounds; had I one thousand men, I would have feared nothing. There was redundancy enough in any one part to have made up, if complete, for deficiency in the rest; but there was failure in all—plan, preparation, and men.

I would have given it the respectability of insurrection, but I did not wish uselessly to spill blood: I gave no signal for the rest, and they all escaped.

I arrived time enough in the country to prevent that part of it, which had already gone out with one of my men, to disarm the neighbourhood from proceeding. I found that by a mistake of the messenger Wicklow would not rise that night; I sent off to prevent it from doing so the next as it intended. It offered to rise even after the defeat, if I wished it, but I refused. Had it risen Wexford would have done the same. It began to assemble, but its leader kept it back till he knew the fate of Dublin. In the state Kildare was in it would have done the same. I was repeatedly solicited by some of those who were with me to do so, but I constantly refused. The more remote counties did not rise for want of money to send them the signal agreed on.

I know how men without candour will pronounce on this failure, without knowing one of the circumstances that occasioned it. They will consider only that they predicted it; whether its failure was caused by chance, or by any of the grounds on which they made their prediction, they will not care—they will make no distinction between a prediction fulfilled and justified—they will make no compromise of errors—they will not recollect that they predicted also that no system could be formed—that no secrecy nor confidence could be restored—that no preparations could be made—that no plan could be arranged—that no day could be fixed without being instantly known at the Castle—that government only waited to let the conspiracy ripen, and crush it at their pleasure—and that on these grounds only did they predict its miscarriage. The very same men that after success would have flattered will now calumniate. The very same men that would have made an offering of unlimited sagacity at the shrine of victory, will not now be content to take back that portion that belongs of right to themselves, but would violate the sanctuary of misfortune and strip her of that covering that candour would have left her.

R. E.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

It is now thirty-seven years since the subject of this affecting Memoir existed ; yet still is the recollection of his worth and talents enthusiastically cherished in the hearts of his countrymen. Of the thousands upon thousands who have fled from the pressure of English misrule, and who have emigrated, and still emigrate to America, we see the finest materials in the world, and the best hearts lost to their country for the want of due cultivation at home. However these may have suffered from adversity and debasement in the land of their birth, they still venerate the genius of it and her sons, and keeping ever present to their thoughts the noble instances it affords of talent, probity, and honour, they so revere themselves as never to swerve from their origin.

On the first of January, 1834, there was a club formed in the city of New York, to commemorate the memory of Robert Emmet, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and the different Irish patriots who suffered for their unfortunate country. On each night of meeting they drink to the memory of those brave, noble, and high-minded men in solemn silence ; and on the 20th of September, being the day on which poor Emmet forfeited his life, there is a general meeting of the members summoned to attend, the club-room and chair hung in mourning, and Robert Emmet's memory

drank in silence in the most solemn manner. Since the club was formed, they have been presented with a large and striking likeness of the subject of this memoir, done in oil, in a most superbly gilt frame, taken from an original in the possession of the late Counselor Emmet.

These affecting memorials of sympathy for their native soil, give a happy inspiration to all that is just and noble in morals and conduct, and helps to bind and purify the affections of Irishmen to each other in one bond of union and love.

It is not to our commemorated countryman alone that this work is devoted ; it is not his excellence alone that it records, but it turns the mind back in melancholy contemplation upon those national virtues which he eminently exhibited,—a love of liberty for all Irishmen, a love of independence for all Ireland, that neither time could diminish, that violence could not intimidate, and disaster could not subdue.

It is the historical fate of patriotism, when exerted in advance of general intelligence, to attract the vengeance of alarmed power, while it receives only the timid assent of hesitating friends. Persecuted on one side, unsustained on the other, the monumental fame of genius alone survives, and like the splendid ruins in the Palmyrene desert, gains a solemn sublimity from the surrounding desolation.

Must prudence, then hold patriotism back



CONCLUDING REMARKS.

until all are duly prepared for the exercise of their rights? until they learn, without a preceptor, to remedy their wrongs, and to use their strength with advantage, unaided by the counsel or guidance of a friend? Tyranny would never blench at redress so long deferred, which no man could hope to see in his own day. For all good works there must be found fortitude to begin, and the messenger of truth has to preach the way of salvation though martyrdom were in its train. It was not to remain for ever unemployed that the defensive feeling which surges against oppression was planted by Providence in the human heart. We are instruments in its hands for purposes we do not see; but this much we know, that when it permitted the tyrant it ordained the patriot, and that the antagonist powers which preserve the health and symmetry of our physical frame are repeated in our intellectual nature, and given to repress the growth of moral evil. Whether we fall on serene or stormy days imports every thing to our individual happiness; but even in our sufferings we may be establishing the rights of our country.

THE TRIAL
OF
ROBERT EMMET,
UPON AN
INDICTMENT FOR HIGH TREASON;

*Held under a Special Commission, at the Sessions'
House, Green-street, on Monday, 19th of
September, 1803.*

JUDGES PRESENT—LORD NORBURY, MR. BARON GEORGE, AND MR. BARON DALY.

MR. STANDISH O'GRADY—ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

To the indictment, charging him with compassing the deposition and death of the King, and conspiring to levy war against the King within the realm, Mr. Emmet pleaded *not guilty*. He was then given in charge.

The indictment was then opened, in substance, to the following effect, by

THE ATTORNEY GENERAL.

My Lord and Gentlemen of the Jury,

It is my duty to state, as concisely as I can, the nature of the charge which has been

preferred against the prisoner at the bar, and also the nature of the evidence which will be produced to substantiate the charge. It will require on your part the most deliberate consideration : because it is not only the highest crime of which at all times the subject can be guilty, but it receives, if possible, additional aggravation when we consider the state of Europe, and the lamentable consequences which revolution has already brought upon it.

Perhaps at former periods some allowance might be made for the heated imaginations of enthusiasts ; perhaps an extravagant love of liberty might for a moment supersede a rational understanding, and might be induced, for want of sufficient experience or capacity, to look for that liberty in revolution. But it is not the road to liberty. It throws the mass of the people into agitation only to bring the worst and the most profligate to the surface. It originates in anarchy, proceeds in bloodshed, and ends in cruel and unrelenting despotism.

Therefore, gentlemen, the crime of which the prisoner stands charged demands the most serious and deep investigation, because it is in its nature a crime of the blackest die, and which, under all existing circumstances, does not admit of a momentary explanation.

Gentlemen, the prisoner stands indicted under a very ancient statute—the 25th of Edward III., and the indictment is grounded on three clauses. The first relates to compassing and

imagining the death of the King—the second in adhering to his enemies—and the third in compassing to levy war against him. The two latter, namely, that of adhering to the King's enemies, and that of compassing to levy war, are so intelligible in themselves, that they do not require any observation upon them. But the first admits of some technical consideration, and may require upon my part a short explanation.

In the language of the law compassing the death of the King, does not mean or imply necessarily any immediate attack upon his person. But any conspiracy, which has for its object an alteration of the laws, constitution, and government of the country by force, uniformly leads to anarchy and general destruction, and finally tends to endanger the life of the King. And, therefore, where that design is substantiated, and manifested by overt acts, whenever the party entertaining the design uses any means to carry his traitorous intentions into execution, the crime of compassing and imagining the death of the King is complete.

Accordingly, gentlemen, this indictment particularly states overt acts, by which the prisoner disclosed the traitorous imagination of his heart—and, if it shall be necessary, those particular overt acts, and the applicability of the evidence which will be produced to support them, will be stated at large to you by the court, and, therefore, it will not be necessary

for me now to trespass upon the public time by a minute examination of them.'

Gentlemen, having heard the charge against the prisoner, you will naturally feel that your duty will require an investigation into two distinct points: first, whether there has, or has not existed a traitorous conspiracy and rebellion for the purpose of altering the law, the constitution, and the government of the country by force?—And, secondly, whether the prisoner has in any, and what degree, participated in that conspiracy and rebellion?

Gentlemen, I do not wish to undertake to speak in the prophetic. But when I consider the vigilance and firmness of his Majesty's Government, the spirit and discipline of his Majesty's troops, and that armed valour and loyalty which, from one end of the country to the other, has raised itself for the purpose of crushing domestic treason, and, if necessary, of meeting and repelling a foreign foe, I do not think it unreasonable to indulge a sanguinary hope that a continuance of the same conduct, upon the part of government, and of the same exertions upon the part of the people, will long preserve the nation free, happy, and independent.*

* When the Attorney-General exercised his official duty in persuading the juries to shed blood, he was credited for accuracy of statement, as he was for perspicuity of argument and strength of proof. That law officer's address to the juries emphatically breathed the spirit and wishes of the government. Mr. Standish

Gentlemen, upon former occasions, persons were brought to the bar of this court implicated in the rebellion in various though inferior degrees. But if I am rightly instructed, we have now brought to the bar of justice not a person who had been seduced by others, but a gentleman to whom the rebellion may be traced, as the origin, the life, and soul of it. If I mistake not, it will appear that some time before Christmas last the prisoner, who had visited foreign countries, and who for several months before had made a continental tour, embracing France, returned to this country full of those mischievous designs which have been so fully exposed. He came from that country, in which he might well have learned the necessary effects of revolution; and, therefore, if he be guilty of treason, he embarked in it with his eyes open, and with a previous knowledge of all its inevitable con

O'Grady had only been Attorney-General since the 8th of the preceding June. Sir John Stewart, his predecessor in that office, finding that as a gentleman he could no longer submit to the overgrown powers of Mr. Under-Secretary Marsden, had resigned; and Mr. O'Grady, for whom Mr. Marsden had contrived a sinecure place of third counsel to the Commissioners of Revenue, (worth £2,000 per annum, without ostentation or responsibility) was installed with a grateful and thorough understanding of the feelings and powers of his benefactor and patron. Under these impressions, on the trial of Mr. Emmet, he played the economist of a weak, double, and surprised

sequences. But, notwithstanding, I am instructed that he persevered in fomenting a rebellion, which I will be bold to say is unexampled in any country, ancient or modern. A rebellion which does not complain of any existing grievances, which does not flow from any immediate oppression, and which is not pretended to have been provoked by our mild and gracious King, or by the administration employed by him to execute his authority. No, gentlemen, it is a rebellion which avows itself to come, not to remove any evil which the people feel, but to recall the memory of grievances which, if they ever existed, must have long since passed away.

You will recollect, gentlemen, that in the large proclamation there was a studied endeavour to persuade a large portion of the people that they had no religious feuds to apprehend from the establishment of a new government. But the manifesto upon which I am now about animadverting has taken somewhat a different course, and has revived religious distinctions at the very moment in which it expresses a desire to extinguish them.

“Orangemen, add not to the catalogue of your follies and crimes,—already have you been duped to the ruin of the country in the legislative union with its tyrants; attempt not in opposition; return from the paths of delusion; return to the arms of your countrymen, who will receive and hail your repentance. Countrymen of all descriptions, let

act with union and concert. All sects, Catholic, Protestant, and Presbyterian, are equally and indiscriminately embraced in the benevolence of our object." I will not apply to this passage all the observations that press upon my mind, because I am sincerely desirous that one feeling and one spirit should animate us all. I cannot but lament that there should be so many sectaries in religion, but trust in God there will be found amongst us but one political faith. But this manifesto is equally unfortunate in every instance in which it prescribes moderation. Attend to the advice by which it instigates the citizens of Dublin: "In a city each street becomes a defile, and each house a battery; impede the march of your oppressors, charge them with the arms of the brave, the pike; and from the windows and roofs hurl stones, bricks, bottles, and all other convenient implements on the heads of the satellites of your tyrant, the mercenary, the sanguinary soldiery of England."

Having thus roused them, it throws in a few words of composure, "repress, prevent, and discourage excesses, pillage and intoxication;" and to ensure that calmness of mind which is so necessary to qualify them for the adoption of this salutary advice, it desires that they will "remember against whom they fight, their oppressors for 600 years, remember their massacres, their tortures; remember your murdered friends, your burned houses, your violated females." Thus affecting a

recommmend moderation, every expedient is resorted to which could tend to inflame sanguinary men to the commission of sanguinary deeds.

Gentlemen, you must by this time be somewhat anxious to know the progress of the general, who escaped the memorable action which was to be fought; and the first place in which I am enabled to introduce him to you is at the house of one Doyle, who resides near the Wicklow mountains. There the general and his companions took refuge at the commencement of the following week; they arrived there at a late hour; the general was still dressed in his full uniform, with suitable lace and epaulets, and a military cocked hat, with a conspicuous feather. Two other persons were also decorated in green and gold. From thence they proceeded to the house of Mrs. Bagnall, and returned to the city of Dublin. What became of the other persons is foreign to the present inquiry, but we trace the prisoner from those mountains to the same house in Harold's-cross in which he formerly resided; and assuming the old name of Hewitt; he arrived there the Saturday after the rebellion.

Having remained a month in this concealment, information was had, and Major Sirr, to whose activity and intrepidity the loyal citizens of Dublin are under much obligation, did confer an additional, and a great one, by the zealous discharge of his duty on this occasion. He came by surprise on the house having sent

a countryman to give a single rap, and the door being opened the Major rushed in, and caught Mrs. Palmer and the prisoner sitting down to dinner: the former withdrew, and the Major immediately asked the prisoner his name, and, as if he found a gratification in assuming a variety of titles, he said his name was Cunningham, that he had that day arrived in the house, having been upon a visit with some friends in the neighbourhood: the Major then left him in charge of another person, and went to inquire of Mrs. Palmer concerning him; she said he was a very proper young man, of the name of Hewitt, and that he had been in her house about a month. The Major at this moment heard a noise, and he found that the prisoner was endeavouring to make his escape, but having been struck with a pistol by the person who had the custody of him, he was by that means detained. Immediately further assistance was called in from a neighbouring guard-house, and an additional sentry was put upon him. The Major then again proceeded further to interrogate Mrs. Palmer, when the prisoner made another effort, got into the garden through the parlour window, but was at length overtaken by the Major, who, at the peril of his own life, fortunately secured him. When the Major apologised for the roughness with which he was obliged to treat him, the prisoner replied, "*all was fair in war.*"

Gentlemen, you have the life of a fellow

subject in your hands, and by the peculiar benignity of our laws, he is presumed to be an innocent man until your verdict shall find him guilty.

If upon the evidence you shall be so satisfied that this man is guilty, you must discharge your duty to your king, your country and to your God. If, on the other hand, nothing shall appear sufficient to affect him, we shall acknowledge that we have grievously offended him, and will heartily participate in the common joy that must result from the acquittal of an innocent man.

EXAMINATION OF WITNESSES.

Joseph Rawlins, Esq., being sworn, deposed to a knowledge of the prisoner, and recollected having been in his company some time in the month of December last, when he understood from him that he had been to see his brother at Brussels. On his cross-examination, the witness said, that in conversations with him on the subject of continental politics, the prisoner avowed that the inhabitants of the Austrian Netherlands, execrated Buonaparte's government; and from the whole of the prisoner's conversation the witness had reason to believe that he highly condemned Buonaparte's conduct and government.

Mr. George Tyrrel, an attorney, proved the execution, in the month of June last, of the

lease or Butterfield Rath
 Carnham, from Michael Frayne to the pri-
 soner, who assumed on the occasion the name
 of Ellis. Mr. Tyrrell was one of the sub-
 scribing witnesses to the lease, and a person
 named William Dowdall was the other.

Michael Frayne, who leased the above
 mentioned house to the prisoner, proved also
 to that fact, and that he gave him possession
 of it on the 23d of April preceding—that the
 prisoner and Dowdall lived in the most se-
 questered manner, and apparently anxious of
 concealment.

John Fleming, a native of the county of
 Kildare, sworn: deposed that on the 23d of
 July, and for the year previous thereto, he had
 been ostler at the White Bull Inn, Thomas-
 street, kept by a person named Dillon. The
 house was convenient to Marshal-lane, where
 the rebel depot was, and to which the witness
 had free and constant access; having been in
 the confidence of the conspirators, and em-
 ployed to bring them ammunition and other
 things. He saw the persons there making
 pike-handles, and heading them with the
 iron part; he also saw the blunderbusses,
 firelocks, and pistols in the depot; and saw
 ball-cartridges making there. Here the wit-
 ness identified the prisoner at the bar, whom
 he saw in the depot for the first time on the
 Tuesday morning after the explosion in
 Patrick-street—that explosion took place on
 Saturday the 16th of July). The witness ad

opened the gate of the inn-yard, which opened into Marshal-lane, to let out Quigley; when he saw the prisoner accompanied by a person of the name of Palmer; the latter got some sacks from the witness to convey ammunition to the stores, and the prisoner went into the depot, where he continued almost constantly until the evening of the 23d July, directing the preparations for the Insurrection, and having the chief authority. He heard the prisoner read a little sketch, as the witness called it, purporting that every officer, non-commissioned officer, and private, should have equally everything they got, and have the same laws as in France. Being asked what it was they were to share, the prisoner replied "what they got when they were to take Ireland or Dublin." He saw green uniform jackets, making in the depot by different tailors, one of whom was named Colgan. He saw one uniform in particular—a green coat laced on the sleeves and skirts, &c., and gold epaulets, like a general's dress. He saw the prisoner take it out of a desk one day, and show it to all present, (here the witness identified the desk which was in court,) he also saw the prisoner at different times, take out papers, and put papers back into the desk; there was none other in the store. Quigley used, also, sometimes to go to the desk. On the evening of the 23d July, witness saw the prisoner dressed in the uniform above described, with white waistcoat and pantaloons, new boots and

cocked hat, and white feather. He had also a sash on him, and was armed with a sword and case of pistols. The prisoner called for a big coat, but did not get it, to disguise his uniform, as he said, until he went to the party that was to attack the Castle. Quigley and a person named Stafford had uniforms like that of Emmet, but had only one epaulet. Quigley had a white feather, and Stafford a green one. Stafford was a baker in Thomas-street. About nine o'clock the prisoner drew his sword, and called out to "Come on, my boys." He sallied out of the depot, accompanied by Quigley and Stafford and about fifty men, as well as he could judge, armed with pikes, blunderbusses, pistols, &c. They entered Dirty-lane, and went from thence into Thomas-street. The prisoner was in the centre of the party. They began to fire in Dirty-lane, and also when they got into Thomas-street. The witness was with the party.—The prisoner went into the stores by the name of Ellis. He was considered by all of them as the general and head of the business; the witness heard him called by the title of general. In and out of the depot it was said that they were preparing to assist the French when they should land. Quigley went into the depot by the name of Graham.

Terence Colgan, the tailor, named in the foregoing evidence, being sworn, deposed that on the Sunday previous to the insurrection he came to town from Lucan, where he lived,

having met with a friend they went to Dillon's the White Bull Inn, in Thomas-street and drank, until the witness, overcome with liquor, fell asleep, when he was conveyed in this state of insensibility into the depot in Marshal-lane, and when he awoke the next morning he was set to work making green jackets and white pantaloons. He saw the prisoner there, by whose directions everything was done, and who, he understood was the chief. He recollected seeing the last witness frequently in the depot while he was there. He also saw the prisoner often at the desk writing. The witness corroborated the general preparations of arms, ammunition, &c. for the insurrection.

Patrick Farrell sworn: deposed that as he was passing through Marshal-lane, between the hours of nine and ten o'clock on the evening of Friday, the 23d of July, he stopped before the malt stores or depot on hearing a noise therein, which surprised him, as he considered it a waste house. Immediately the door opened, and a man came forth, who caught him, asked him what he was doing there? The witness was then brought into the depot, and again asked what brought him there, or had he been ever there before? He said he had not. They asked him did he know Graham? He replied he did not.— One of the persons then said that witness was a spy, and called out to "drop him immediately," which the witness understood that they meant to shoot him. They brought him

up stairs, and, after some consultation, they agreed to wait for some person to come in, who would decide what should be done with him. That person having arrived, he asked the witness if he knew Graham? He replied that he did not. A light was brought in at the same time, and the witness, having looked about, was asked if he knew any one there? He replied he knew Quigley. He was asked where? He replied that he knew him five or six years ago, in the College of Maynooth, as a bricklayer or mason. The witness understood that Quigley was the person who went by the name of Graham. Here witness identified the prisoner as the person who came in and decided he should not be killed, but he should be taken care of, and not let out. The witness was detained there that night and the whole of the next day, Saturday, the 23d, and was made to assist at the different kinds of work.

He assisted in taking boards from off a car; the boards, he said, were made into cases, and pikes put into them. These cases the witness described as being made of the outside slabs of a long beam, taken off about an inch or more thick; four or five inches at each end of the beam was cut off; the slabs were nailed together, and these pieces put in at the ends, so that it appeared like a rough plank or beam of timber. He saw several such cases filled with pikes sent out. The witness stated that on the evening of the 23d he saw three men

dressed in green uniforms, richly laced; one of whom was the prisoner, who wore two gold epaulets, but the other two only one each.—The prisoner had also a cocked hat, sword, and pistols. When the witness was helping out one of the beams prepared for explosion, he contrived to make his escape.

On his cross-examination, in which the interrogatories were suggested by the prisoner, the only thing remarkable in the evidence of the witness was, that he heard a printed paper read, part of which was, “that nineteen counties were ready to rise at the same time, to second the attempt in Dublin.” The witness also heard them say, “that they had no idea as to French relief, but would make it good themselves.” In answer to a question from the Court, the witness said that he gave information of the circumstance deposed in his evidence, next morning, to Mr. Ormsby, in Thomas-street, to whom he was steward.

Sergeant Thomas Rice proved the proclamation of the Provisional Government, found in the depot.

Colonel Spencer Thomas Vassal being sworn, deposed that he was field officer of the day on the 23d of July; that having gone to the depot in Marshal-lane, he found there several small proclamations, addressed to the citizens of Dublin, and which were quite wet. He identified one of them. The witness also identified the desk which the prisoner used in the depot. Having remained about a quarter

of an hour in the depot, he committed to Major Greville the care of its contents :—

Questioned by the Court—The witness said that he visited the depot between three and four o'clock on Sunday morning, it having been much advanced in daylight before he was suffered to go his rounds.

Alderman Frederick Darley sworn : proved having found in the depot a paper directed to "Robert Ellis, Butterfield." Also a paper entitled, "A Treatise on the Art of War." The latter had been handed at the time to Captain Evelyn.

Captain Henry Evelyn sworn : deposed having been at the rebel depot the morning of Sunday, the 23d of July, to see the things removed to the barracks ; and that he found a paper there, which, being shown to him, he identified. This paper was a manuscript draft of the greater part of the proclamation of the Provisional Government, altered and interlined in a great many places.

Robert Lindsay, a soldier, and Michael Clement Frayne, quartermaster-sergeant of the 38th Regiment, proved the conveyance of the desk (then in court) to the barracks ; and the latter identified a letter which he found therein. The letter was signed, "Thomas Addis Emmet," and directed to "Mrs. Emmet, Miltown, near Dublin," and began with, "My dearest Robert." It bore a foreign post-mark.

Edward Wilson, Esq., recollected the ex-

plosion of gunpowder which took place in Patrick-street, previous to the 23d of July; it took place on the 16th. He went there and found an apparatus for making gunpowder; was certain that it was gunpowder exploded. Proved the existence of a rebellious insurrection; as did also Lieutenant Brady. The latter added that on an examination of the pikes, which he found in Thomas-street, four were stained with blood on the iron part, and on one or two of them the blood extended half way up the handle.

John Doyle, a farmer, being sworn, deposed to the following effect:—That on the morning of the 26th of July last, about two o'clock, a party of people came to his house at Ballymace, in the parish of Tallaght, seven miles from Dublin. He had been after drinking, and was heavy asleep; they came to his bedside, and stirred and called him, but he did not awake at once; when he did and looked up, he lay closer than before; they desired him to take some spirits, which he refused. They then moved him to the middle of the bed; and two of them lay down, one on each side of him. One of them said, “you have a French general and a French colonel beside you, what you never had before.” For some hours the witness lay between asleep and awake. When he found his companions asleep he stole out of the bed, and found in the room some blunderbusses, a gun, and some pistols. The number of blunderbusses

he believed were equal to the number of persons, who, on being collected at breakfast, amounted to fourteen. Here he identified the prisoner as one of those who were in the bed with him.

The witness then further stated that the prisoner, on going away in the evening, put on a coat with a great deal of lace and tassel (as he expressed it). There was another person in a similar dress : they wore on their departure great coats over these. The party left his house between 8 and 9 o'clock in the evening, and proceeded up the hill. The next morning the witness found under the table, on which they breakfasted, one of the small printed proclamations, which he gave to John Robinson the barony constable.

Rose Bagnal, residing at Ballynascorney, about a mile farther up the hill from Doyle's, proved that a party of men, 15 in number, and whom she described similar to that of the preceding witness, came to her house on the night of the Tuesday immediately after the insurrection. Three of them wore green clothes, ornamented with something yellow : she was so frightened she could not distinguish exactly. One of them was called a general. She was not enabled to identify any of them. They left her house about 9 o'clock the following night.

John Robinson, constable of the barony of Upper Cross, corroborated the testimony of the witness Doyle, relative to the small proclamation which he identified.

JOSEPH F. AMER sworn.—Deposed that he was clerk to Mr. Colville, and lodged at his mother's house, Harold's-cross. He recollected the apprehension of the prisoner at his mother's house by Major Sirr; and that he did lodge there the preceding spring, at which time, and when he was arrested, he went by the name of Hewitt. The prisoner came to lodge there the second time about three weeks before this last time, and was habited in a brown coat, white waistcoat, white pantaloons, Hessian boots, and a black frock. Those who visited the prisoner inquired for him by the name of Hewitt. At the time he was arrested, there was a label on the door of the house, expressive of its inhabitants. It was written by the witness, but the name of the prisoner was omitted, at his request, because he said he was afraid government would take him up.

The prisoner, in different conversations with the witness, explained why he feared to be taken up. He acknowledged that he had been in Thomas-street on the night of the 23rd of July, and described the dress he wore on that occasion, part of which were the waistcoat, pantaloons, and boots already mentioned, and particularly his coat, which, he said, was a very handsome uniform. The prisoner had also a conversation with the witness about a magazine, and expressed much regret at the loss of the powder in the depot. The proclamations were likewise mentioned

by the prisoner; and he planned a mode of escape, in the event of any attempt to arrest him, by going through the parlour window into the back house, and from thence into the fields. Here the witness was shown a paper, found upon a chair in the room in which the prisoner lodged, and asked if he knew whose hand-writing it was? He replied that he did not know; but was certain that it had not been written by any of his family, and that there was no lodger in the house besides the prisoner.

The examination of this witness being closed, extracts from the proclamation (vide the Attorney-General's statement) addressed to the citizens of Dublin, were read.

Major Henry Charles Sirr, sworn and examined. Deposed to the arrest of the prisoner, as follows:—I went, in the evening of the 25th of August, to the house of one Palmer. I had heard there was a stranger in the back parlour. I rode, accompanied by a man on foot: I desired the man to knock at the door. He did, and it was opened by a girl. I alighted, ran directly into the back parlour. I saw the prisoner sitting at dinner; the woman of the house was there, and the girl who opened the door was the daughter of the woman of the house. I desired them to withdraw. I asked the prisoner his name; he told me his name was Cunningham. I gave him in charge to the man who accompanied me, and went into the next room to ask the

woman and her daughter about him; they told me his name was Hewitt. I went back, and asked how long he had been there? He said he came that morning. He had attempted to escape before I returned, for he was bloody, and the man said he knocked him down with a pistol. I then went to Mrs. Palmer, who said he had lodged there for a month. I then judged he was some person of some importance. When I first went in, there was a paper on the chair,* which I put into my pocket. I then

* The paper was as follows :—

“ It may appear strange, that a person avowing himself to be an enemy of the present government, and engaged in a conspiracy for its overthrow, should presume to suggest an opinion to that government on any part of its conduct, or could hope that advice, coming from such authority, might be received with attention. The writer of this, however, does not mean to offer an opinion on any point on which he must, of necessity, feel differently from any of those whom he addresses, and on which, therefore, his conduct might be doubted. His intention is to confine himself entirely to those points on which, however widely he may differ from them in others, he has no hesitation in declaring, that as a man he feels the same interest with the merciful part, and as an Irishman, with at least the English part of the present administration; and, at the same time, to communicate to them, in the most precise terms, that line of conduct which he may hereafter be compelled to adopt, and which, however painful it must under any circumstances be, would become doubly so if he was not conscious of having tried to avoid it by the most distinct notification. On the two first of these points, it is not the intention of the undersigned, for the reason he has already mentioned, to do more than state,

went to the canal bridge for a guard, having desired them to be in readiness as I passed by. I planted a sentry over him, and desired the non-commissioned officer to surround the

what government itself must acknowledge—that of the present conspiracy it knows (comparatively speaking) nothing.—That instead of creating terror in its enemies, or confidence in its friends, it will only serve, by the scantiness of its information, to furnish additional grounds of invective to those who are but too ready to ascribe it for a want of intelligence, which no sagacity could have enabled them to obtain. That if it is not able to terrify by a display of its discoveries, it cannot hope to crush by the weight of its punishments. Is it only now we are to learn, that entering into conspiracy exposes us to be hanged? Are the scattered instances which will now be brought forward necessary to exemplify the statute? If the numerous and striking examples which have already preceded were insufficient—if government can, neither by novelty of punishment, nor the multitude of its victims, impress us with terror, can it hope to injure the body of a conspiracy so impenetrably woven as the present, by cutting off a few threads from the end of it!

“That with respect to the second point, no system, however it may change the nature, can effect the period of the contest that is to take place; as to which the exertions of United Irishmen will be guided only by their own opinion of the eligibility of the moment for effecting the emancipation of their country.

“That administration——”

The following paper was found in the depot, in Emmet's hand-writing:—

“I have little time to look at the thousand difficulties which still lie between me and the completion of my wishes—that those difficulties will likewise disappear,

house with sentries, while I searched it. I then examined Mrs. Palmer and took down her account of the prisoner, during which time I heard a noise, as if an escape was attempted. I instantly ran to the back part of the house, as the most likely part for him to get out at; I saw him going off, and ordered a sentinel to fire, and then pursued myself, regardless of the order. The sentry snapped, but the musket did not go off. I overtook the prisoner, and he said, "I surrender." I searched him, and found some papers upon him.

On the witness expressing concern at the necessity of the prisoner's being treated so roughly, he (the prisoner) observed "that all was fair in war." The prisoner, when brought to the Castle, acknowledged that his name was Emmet.

Here the case closed on the part of the Crown, and the prisoner having declined to enter into any defence, either by witnesses or his counsel, an argument arose between Mr. M'Nally and Mr. Plunket, as to the latter's

I have ardent, and, I trust, rational hopes; but if it is not to be the case, I thank God for having gifted me with a sanguine disposition. To that disposition I run from reflection; and if my hopes are without foundation, if a precipice is opening under my feet, from which duty will not suffer me to run back, I am grateful for that sanguine disposition, which leads me to the brink, and throws me down, while my eyes are still raised to the vision of happiness that my fancy formed in the
sk."

right to reply to evidence, when no defence had been made. Lord Norbury said, that the Counsel for the prisoner could not, by their silence, preclude the Crown from that right, and therefore decided in favour of Mr. Plunket.

Mr. Plunket then addressed the Court to a considerable length, and spoke to evidence, in effect, the same as the Attorney-General.

Lord Norbury charged the Jury, minutely recapitulating the whole of the evidence, and impartially explaining the law.

The Jury, without leaving the box, pronounced the prisoner—Guilty.

The judgment of the Court having been prayed upon the prisoner, the Clerk of the Crown, in the usual form, asked him “what he had to say, why judgment of death and execution should not be awarded against him, according to law?”

MR. EMMET'S REPLY.

“MY LORDS—I am asked what have I to say, why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law? I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, nor that it will become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are to pronounce, and I must abide by. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have laboured to destroy. I have much to say, why

my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been cast upon it. I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your mind can be so free from impurity, as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter. I have no hopes that I can anchor my character in the breast of a court, constituted and trammelled as this is. I only wish, and that is the utmost I expect, that your Lordships may suffer it to float down your memories, untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbour, to shelter it from the storms by which it is buffeted.

“ Was I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of the law which delivers my body to the executioner, will, through the ministry of the law, labour in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy; for there must be guilt somewhere, whether in the sentence of the Court, or in the catastrophe, must determine.

“ A man in my situation has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the force of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice! The man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me.

“When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port—when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field in defence of their country and of virtue, this is my hope;—I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government, which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High—which displays its power over man, as over the beasts of the forest—which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow, who believes or doubts a little more, or a little less, than the government standard—a government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans, and the tears of the widows it has made.

(Here Lord Norbury interrupted Mr. Emmet, saying, that the mean and wicked enthusiasts, who felt as he did, were not equal to the accomplishment of their wild designs.)

“I appeal to the immaculate God,—I swear by the Throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear—by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me—that my conduct has been, through all this peril, and through all my purposes, governed only by the conviction which I have uttered, and by no other view than that of their cure, and the emancipation of their country from the super-inhuman oppression under which she has so

long, and too patiently travailed; and that I confidently hope that, wild and chimerical as it may appear, there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noblest of enterprises.

“Of this I speak with confidence, of intimate knowledge, and with the consolation that appertains to that confidence. Think not, my Lords, I say this for the petty gratification of giving you a transitory uneasiness. A man who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie, will not hazard his character with posterity, by asserting a falsehood on a subject so important to his country, and on an occasion like this. Yes, my Lords, a man who does not wish to have his epitaph written until his country is liberated, will not leave a weapon in the power of envy, or a pretence to impeach the probity which he means to preserve, even in the grave, to which tyranny consigns him.”

(Here he was again interrupted by the court.)

“Again I say, that what I have spoken was not intended for your Lordship, whose situation I commiserate rather than envy—my expressions were for my countrymen. If there is a true Irishman present, let my last words cheer him in the hour of his affliction.

(Here he was again interrupted. Lord Norbury said he did not sit there to hear treason.)

“I have always understood it to be the duty of a Judge, when a prisoner has been convicted, to pronounce the sentence of the law. I

have also understood that Judges sometimes think it their duty to hear with patience, and to speak with humanity; to exhort the victim of the laws, and to offer, with tender benignity, his opinions of the motives by which he was actuated in the crime of which he was adjudged guilty. That a Judge has thought it his duty so to have done, I have no doubt; but where is the boasted freedom of your institutions—where is the vaunted impartiality, clemency, and mildness of your courts of justice, if an unfortunate prisoner, whom your policy, and *not justice*, is about to deliver into the hands of the executioner, is not suffered to explain his motives, sincerely and truly, and to vindicate the principles by which he was actuated?

“My Lords, it may be a part of the system of angry justice, to bow a man’s mind by humiliation, to the purposed ignominy of the scaffold; but worse to me than the purposed shame, or the scaffold’s terrors, would be the shame of such foul and unfounded imputations as have been laid against me in this court. You, my Lord, are a Judge. I am the supposed culprit. I am a man—you are a man also. By a revolution of power, we might change places, though we never could change characters. If I stand at the bar of this court, and dare not vindicate my character, *what a farce is your justice!* If I stand at this bar, and dare not vindicate my character, *how dare you calumniate it?* Does the sentence of death, which your unhallowed policy inflicts

on my body, condemn my tongue to silence and my reputation to reproach? Your executioner may abridge the period of my existence; but, while I exist, I shall not forbear to vindicate my character and motives from your aspersions; and as a man to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the last use of that life in doing justice to that reputation which is to live after me, and which is the only legacy I can leave to those I honour and love, and for whom I am proud to perish. As men, my Lords, we must appear on the great day at one common tribunal; and it will then remain for the Searcher of all hearts to shew a collective universe, who was engaged in the most virtuous actions, or attached by the purest motives—my country's oppressors, or——”

(Here he was interrupted, and told to listen to the sentence of the law.)

“ My Lords, will a dying man be denied the legal privilege of exculpating himself in the eyes of the community of an undeserved reproach, thrown upon him during his trial, by charging him with ambition, and attempting to cast away, for a paltry consideration, the liberties of his country? Why did your Lordships insult me? Or, rather, why insult justice, in demanding of me, why sentence of death should not be pronounced against me? I know, my Lords, that form prescribes that you should ask the question—the form also presents the right of answering. This, no doubt, may be dispensed with, and so might

the whole ceremony of the trial, since sentence was already pronounced at the Castle before the jury were impanelled. Your Lordships are but the Priests of the Oracle, and I insist on the whole of the forms."

(Here Mr. Emmet paused, and the Court desired him to proceed.)

"I am charged with being an emissary of France. An emissary of France! And for what end? It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country! And for what end? Was this the object of my ambition? And is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradiction? No? I am no emissary; and my ambition was, to hold a place among the deliverers of my country; not in power nor in profit, but in the glory of the achievement. Sell my country's independence to France! And for what?—Was it for a change of masters? No, but for my ambition! Oh! my country, was it personal ambition that could influence me?—Had it been the soul of my actions, could I not, by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself amongst the proudest of your oppressors? My country was my idol. To it I sacrifice every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it I now offer up myself, O God. No, my Lords; I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and the more galling yoke of a domestic

faction, which is its joint *partner* and *perpetrator* in the *patricide* for the ignominy existing with an *exterior of splendour*, and a conscious depravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this *doubly rivetted despotism*—I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth. I wished to exalt you to that proud station in the world.

Connexion with France was, indeed, intended, but only as far as mutual interest would sanction or require. Were they to assume any authority inconsistent with the purest independence, it would be the signal for their destruction. We sought aid, and we sought it, as we had assurance we should obtain it—as auxiliaries in war, and allies in peace.

“Were the French to come as invaders or enemies, uninvited by the wishes of the people, I should oppose them to the utmost of my strength. Yes! my countrymen, I should advise you to meet them upon the beach, with a sword in one hand, and a torch in the other. I would meet them with all the destructive fury of war. I would animate my countrymen to immolate them in their boats, before they had contaminated the soil of my country. If they succeeded in landing, and if forced to retire before superior discipline, I would dispute every inch of ground, burn every blade of grass, and the last intrenchment of liberty should be my grave. What I could not do myself if I should fall, I should leave as a

not charge to my countrymen to accomplish; because I should feel conscious that life, any more than death, is unprofitable, when a foreign nation holds my country in subjection.

“But it was not as an enemy that the succours of France were to land. I looked, indeed, for the assistance of France; but I wished to prove to France, and to the world, that Irishmen deserved to be assisted—that they were indignant at slavery; and ready to assert the independence and liberty of their country; I wished to procure for my country the guarantee which Washington procured for America—to procure an aid which, by its example, would be as important as its valour: disciplined, gallant, pregnant with science and experience; who would perceive the good, and polish the rough points of our character. They would come to us as strangers, and leave us as friends, after sharing in our perils, and elevating our destiny.

“These were my objects: not to receive new task-masters, but to expel old tyrants. It was for these ends I sought aid from France; because France, even as an enemy, could not be more implacable than the enemy already in the bosom of my country.”

(Here he was interrupted by the Court.)

“I have been charged with that importance in the emancipation of my country, as to be considered the key-stone of the combination of Irishmen; or, as your Lordship expressed it, ‘the life and blood of the conspiracy.’ You

do me honour over much ; you have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in this conspiracy, who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conceptions of yourself my Lord—men, before the splendour of whose genius and virtues, I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves disgraced by shaking your blood-stained hand.”

(Here he was interrupted.)

“ What, my Lord, shall you tell me, on the passage to that scaffold, which that tyranny (of which you are only the 'intermediary executioner) has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has and will be shed in this struggle, of the oppressed against the oppressor—shall you tell me this, and must I be so very a slave as not to repel it ?

“ I do not fear to approach the Omnipotent Judge, to answer for the conduct of my whole life ; and am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality here ? By you, too, who, if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have shed in your unhallowed ministry, in one great reservoir your Lordship might swim in it.

(Here the Judge interfered.)

“ Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonour ; let no man attain my memory, by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence ; or, that I could have borne the pliant minion of power, &

the oppression or miseries of my country. The proclamation of the Provisional Government speaks for our views; inference can be tortured from it; to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or subjection, humiliation, or treachery from abroad; I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the foreign and domestic oppressor. In the dignity of freedom, I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. And, am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country her independence, am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent and repel it? No, God forbid!

(Here Lord Norbury told Mr. Emmet that his sentiments and language disgraced his family and his education, but more particularly his father, Doctor Emmet, who was a man, if alive, that would not countenance such opinions)— To which Mr. Emmet replied:—

“If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concern and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life, oh! ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son; and see if I have, even for a moment, deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was

your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now about to offer up my life.

“My Lord you are impatient for the sacrifice. The blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim—it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are now bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous, that they cry to heaven—be yet patient! I have but a few words more to say—I am going to my cold and silent grave—my lamp of life is nearly extinguished—~~my~~ race is run—the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world, it is—THE CHARITY OF ITS SILENCE. Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let no prejudice or ignorance asperce them. Let them and me rest in obscurity and peace; and my tomb remain unscribed, and my memory in oblivion, until other times and other men can do justice to my character—when my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, *then*, and *not till then*, let my epitaph be written.—I have done.

FINIS.

Books Printed and Published

BY C. M. WARREN, 21, UPPER ORMOND QUAY,

DUBLIN.

Accomplished Gentleman
Academy of Compliments
Adventures of Mungo, and
the Seven Wonders of the
World

Adventures of Sir Francis
Drake, &c.

Arabian Nights' Entertain-
ments

Battle of Anghrim, and
Siege of Londonderry

Burns's Poems

Byron's Narrative

Cabinet of Arts

Complete Farrier, or Cattle
Keeper's best Guide

Chesterfield's Letters

Children of the Abbey, in
5 vols.

Destruction of Jerusalem

Domestic Cookery, with
the Art of Carving

Elizabeth, or the Exiles of
Siberia

Fashionable Letter Writer

Fables of Æsop, with moral
maxims

Frederick III., king of
Prussia

Gulliver's Travels

Hamilton's Catechism of
the History of Ireland

History of the
Union of Great Britain and
Ireland

History of the
People of the
Isle of Man

Hibernian Tales

Irish Rogues & Rapparees

Irish Legendary Tales and
Stories

Joe Miller's new Irish Jest
Book

Life and Actions of Robert
Eminett

Life and Adventures of
James Freney

Life of Lord Edward Fitz-
gerald

Life of Captain Jeremiah
Grant

Life of General Jackson

Life of Napoleon Bonaparte

Life of Captain Cook

Life of Robinson Crusoe

Life and death of Mary
Queen of Scots

Modern Irish Tales

Post Captain, or the
Wooden Walls of Eng-
land, etc.

Paul and Virginia

Patriotic Sailor

Robin Hood's Garland

Seven Champions of Chris-
tendom

Seven Wise Masters and
Mistresses of Rome

Susan Gray

Tales of the Fairies

Trojan Wars, and Troy's
Destruction

Vicar of Wakefield

Valentine and Orson

